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**NATIONAL MAGAZINE;**  
OR,  
**LADY'S EMPORIUM.**

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THE BALTIMORE MONUMENT,

More generally known by the appellation of

**THE BATTLE MONUMENT.**

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THIS Monument was erected to perpetuate the memories of those brave citizens, who fell in the battle of North Point and the Bombardment of Fort McHenry, in defending their city against the invading foe, on the 12th and 13th of September, 1814.

For perfect propriety of design, as well as for the masterly execution of its various parts, it is not equalled by any work of similar character in this or any other country—it was planned by MAXIMILIAN GODEFROY, who presented the drawings to the city, and directed its construction. It is entirely of pure white marble, and rests upon a square *plinth* or *terrace* of the same material, forty feet square and four feet high, at each angle of which is placed erect a brass cannon, having a ball, as it were issuing from its mouth. Between the cannon and along the verge of the platform, extends a railing or *chevaux-de-frieze* of brass-headed spears, the beauty and effect of which are much heightened by the disposal, at equal distances, of eight *fascies*, forming a part of and supporting the railing. These *fascies* are composed of corresponding spears bound with iron fillets. The whole

protected by massive chains in festoons, suspended from posts of granite, enclosing a walk of five feet on every front.

The chevaux-de-frieze, fasces, and cannons—are emblematic of *union and defence*.

From the platform rises a square *Egyptian Basement*, entirely *rusticated*, to indicate *strength*. It is composed of eighteen layers of stone, to signify the number of the States which formed this confederation at the period of the event which the Monument commemorates. The style of this basement is especially consecrated to tombs. It is surmounted by a cornice, each of the four angles of which bears an elegantly executed *Griffin*, with an eagle's head, as an emblem of the eagle of the Union.

This decorative hieroglyphic, having been dedicated to the Sun, and often employed by the ancients in front of their temples—is therefore regarded as the emblem of *glory and veneration*. A winged globe adorns each centre of the Egyptian cornice, symbolical of eternity and the flight of time. On each of the four fronts of the basement, is a false door, in the antique style, closed with a single tablet of black marble,—imparting the character of a *cenotaph, with the remains of the dead deposited therein*.

Three steps to ascend to these doors, are intended to indicate the three years of the war.

We now carry the description up to the principal part of the Monument, which presents the appearance of a *fasces*, (symbolical of the *Union*) the rods of which are bound by a *fillet*—on this are inscribed, in letters of bronze, the names of the brave, who were killed in defending their city; and who, by their glorious death, strengthened the bands of the Union. Around the top of the *fasces* are bound a wreath of laurel and a wreath of cypress, the first expressive of *glory*—the other *sepulchral and mourning*. Between these wreaths, in letters of bronze, are inscribed the names of the officers who perished at the shrine of glory. They are:

JAMES LOWRY DONALDSON,

*Adj't. 27th Reg't.*

GREGORIUS ANDREE,

*Lieutenant 1st Rifle Battalion.*

## LEVI CLAGETT,

*3d Lieut. Nicholson's Artillerists.*

The names of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who were killed in the action, as inscribed on the fillet binding the *fasces*, are:

John Clemm,	Danl. Wells, Jr.
T. V. Beaston,	John R. Cox,
S. Haubert,	Benjn. Neal,
John Jephson,	B. Reynolds,
T. Wallace,	D. Howard,
J. H. Marriot, of John,	Uriah Prosser,
E. Marriot,	A. Randall,
Wm. Ways,	R. R. Cooksey,
J. Armstrong,	J. Gregg,
J. Richardson,	J. Evans,
Benjn. Bond,	A. Maas,
Clement Cox,	G. Jenkins,
Cecelius Belt,	W. Alexander,
John Garrett,	C. Fallier,
H. G. McComas,	T. Burneston,
Wm. McClellan,	J. Dunn,
John C. Bird,	P. Byard,
M. Desk,	J. Craig.

The *fasces* is ornamented with two *basso-relievos*—the one on the south front, representing the Battle of North Point, and the death of General Ross the British commander—the other on the north front, representing a battery of Fort McHenry at the moment of the Bombardment. On the east and west fronts are *Lachrymal Urns*, emblematic of *regret* and *sorrow*. On the south part of the square base, beneath the basso-relievo is this inscription in letters of bronze:

## BATTLE

## OF NORTH POINT,

12TH SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1814,

*And of the Independence of the United States  
the thirty-ninth.*

On the north front, beneath the basso-relievo on that side, is the following inscription, also in letters of bronze :

BOMBARDMENT

OF FORT McHENRY,

13TH SEPTEMBER, A. D. 1814,

*And of the Independence of the United States  
the thirty-ninth.*

The basement and fasces thus described form together thirty-nine feet, to shew that it was founded in the thirty-ninth year of the Independence of the United States.

The colossal but exquisitely beautiful *statue* which surmounts the fasces, is a female figure, representing the *City of Baltimore*—upon her head is a *mural crown*, emblematic of cities—in one hand she holds an *antique rudder*, symbolic of *navigation*—and with the other she raises a *crown of laurel*, as, with a graceful inclination of the head, she looks towards the Fort and Field of Battle. At her feet, on her right, is the *Eagle of the United States*—and near it a *bomb*, commemorative of the Bombardment.

The height of the Monument, including the statue, is fifty-two feet two inches.

A single glance at this Monument strikes the beholder with admiration, and suffices to convince him that its various parts have been designed and combined by the effort of talent and genius of the first order. But if the architect, fully impressed with the moral dignity and beauty of his subject, has conceived a plan worthy of his exalted genius, the master-hand of the sculptor has been no less happy in communicating to the pure marble the most admirable proofs of the power of his chisel and the perfection of his art. The attitude of the noble statue, and the natural flow of its drapery, afford a true personification of ease, grace and dignity—the proportions are strikingly beautiful and correct, and its execution, including all the sculptured parts of the Monument, is that of the finished artist. This elegant structure presents a glorious testimony of the patriotism, devotion and gratitude of the citizens of Baltimore, and a no less gratifying evidence of the rapid advancement of the arts in this country.



Regarding this tribute in a national point of view, may it not be cited amongst many other evidences that republics are not ungrateful. Ungrateful—it should be expunged from Freedom's lexicography. The erection of this Monument comes to a Baltimorean hallowed with feelings which none but a Baltimorean can conceive—he remembers the day when Fort McHenry was made the theatre of hostile vengeance—he hears in imagination the thunder of the descending bombs—he beholds waving in the winds, in the midst of this commotion, the triumphant folds of the star-spangled-banner—he sees the advance upon North Point of the fierce and intrepid commander of the British legions, confident of glory and triumph—he looks again and beholds the haughty Briton slain, and the defeated invaders retiring to their ships.—

We conceive it apropos here to insert an extract from a communication made by the Superintendents of the Baltimore Monument to the Mayor and City Council, dated Baltimore, 6th December 1825, viz :

“The undersigned avail themselves of this last occasion of addressing the Mayor and City Council, to congratulate them and their fellow-citizens, on the final completion of one of the most beautiful specimens of the fine arts, which can any where be found. The citizens of Baltimore have a right to claim the honour, in behalf of their city, of having been first, in the United States, to erect a Monument which reflects so much credit to its taste and liberality, and which has already had the effect, to awaken a correspondent emulation in other cities. A Monument projected by an artist of distinguished talents and genius; the sculpture of which has been executed by one of the first in his profession; and the residue of the workmanship is of the best kind; the whole, or nearly the whole, has been executed by natives or naturalized resident citizens. It is a Monument which justifies, and an honour to, the Corporation, for the supplies it has afforded towards its erection; and which must gratify and delight those generous individuals, whose liberality has fostered and encouraged the enterprize while in progress.\* It is a Monument worthy of the events, the memory

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\* From the most accurate information to be obtained, it appears that the total amount of the cost of the Monument approached to nearly sixty thousand dollars.

of which it is designed to perpetuate; and worthy of those gallant and patriotic citizens, whose death in the defence of their homes and their country, it is destined to commemorate."

Had the citizens of Baltimore been permitted to contribute according to their wishes or means, to the erection of this Monument, in all probability there would have been no necessity of a resort to the Corporation for assistance—but they were restricted, and were not permitted to subscribe more than five dollars each, in order that the poor man might have an equal share of the glory with the rich, in the work of patriotism and gratitude, about to be erected to the memory of her brave fellow-citizens.

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Selected.

## PARTIES.

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That connexion and faction are equivalent terms, is an opinion which has been carefully inculcated at all times by unconstitutional statesmen. The reason is evident. Whilst men are linked together, they easily and speedily communicate the alarm of any evil design. They are enabled to fathom it with common counsel, and to oppose it with united strength.—Whereas, when they lie dispersed, without concert, order or discipline, communication is uncertain, counsel difficult, and resistance impracticable. Where men are not acquainted with each other's principles, nor experienced in each other's talents, nor at all practised in their mutual habits and dispositions by joint efforts in business, no personal confidence, no friendship, no common interest subsisting among them, it is evidently impossible that they can act a public part with uniformity, perseverance, or efficacy. In a connexion, the most inconsiderable man, by adding to the weight of the whole, has his value and his use; out of it, the greatest talents are wholly unserviceable to the public. No man, who is not inflamed by vain glory into enthusiasm, can flatter himself that his single, unsupported, desultory, unsystematic endeavours are of power to defeat the subtle designs and united cabals of ambitious citizens. When bad men combine, the good must associate; else they will fall, one by one, an unpitied sacrifice in a contemptible struggle.

It is not enough, in a situation of trust in the commonwealth, that a man means well to his country; it is not enough that in his single person

he never did an evil act, but always voted according to his conscience, and even harrangued against every Design which he apprehended to be prejudicial to the interests of his country. This innoxious and ineffectual character, that seems formed upon a plan of apology and disculpation, falls miserably short of the mark of public duty. That duty demands and requires, that what is right should not only be made known, but made prevalent; that what is evil should not only be detected, but defeated. When the public man omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect, it is an omission that frustrates the purposes of his trust almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it. It is surely no very rational account of a man's life, that he has always acted right, but has taken special care to act in such a manner, that his endeavours could not possibly be productive of any consequence.

I do not wonder that the behaviour of many parties should have made persons of tender and scrupulous virtue somewhat out of humour with all sorts of connexion in politics. I admit that people frequently acquire, in such confederacies, a narrow, bigoted, and proscriptive spirit; that they are apt to sink the idea of the general good in this circumscribed and partial interest. But, where duty renders a critical situation a necessary one, it is our business to keep free from the evils attendant upon it; and not to fly from the situation itself. If a fortress is seated in an unwholesome air, an officer of the garrison is obliged to be attentive to his health, but he must not desert his station. Every profession, not excepting the glorious one of a soldier, or the sacred one of a priest, is liable to its own particular vices; which, however, form no argument against those ways of life; nor are the vices themselves inevitable to every individual in those professions. Of such a nature are connexions in politics; essentially necessary for the full performance of our public duty, accidentally liable to degenerate into faction. Commonwealths are made of families, free commonwealths of parties also; and we may as well affirm, that our natural regards and ties of blood tend inevitably to make men bad citizens, as that the bonds of our party weaken those by which we are held to our country.

Some legislators went so far as to make neutrality in party a crime against the state. I do not know whether this might not have been rather to overstrain the principle. \* Certain it is, the best patriots in the greatest commonwealths have always commended and promoted such connexions. *Idem sentire de republica*, was with them a principal ground of friendship and attachment; nor do I know any other capable of forming firmer, dearer, more pleasing, more honourable, and more virtuous habi-

tudes. The Romans carried this principle a great way. Even the holding of offices together, the disposition of which arose from chance, not selection, gave rise to a relation which continued for life. It was called *necessitudo sortis*; and it was looked upon with a sacred reverence. Breaches of any of these kinds of civil relation were considered as acts of the most distinguished turpitude. The whole people was distributed into political societies, in which they acted in support of such interests in the state as they severally affected. For it was then thought no crime to endeavour, by every honest means, to advance to superiority and power those of your own sentiments and opinions. This wise people was far from imagining that those connexions had no tie, and obliged to no duty, but that men might quit them without shame, upon every call of interest. They believed private honour to be the great foundation of public trust; that friendship was no mean step towards patriotism; that he, who, in the common intercourse of life, showed he regarded somebody besides himself, when he came to act in a public situation, might probably consult some other interest than his own. Never may we become *plus sages que les sages*, as the French comedian has happily expressed it; wiser than all the wise and good men who have lived before us. It was their wish to see public and private virtues, not dissonant and jarring, and mutually destructive, but harmoniously combined, growing out of one another in a noble and orderly gradation, reciprocally supporting and supported. In one of the most fortunate periods of our history, this country was governed by a *connexion*; I mean the great connexion of whigs in the reign of Queen Anne. They were complimented upon the principle of this connexion by a poet who was in high esteem with them. Addison, who knew their sentiments, could not praise them for what they considered as no proper subject of commendation. As a poet who knew his business, he could not applaud them for a thing which in general estimation was not highly reputable. Addressing himself to Britain,

Thy favourites grow not up by Fortune's sport,  
Or from the crimes or follies of a court:  
On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties.

The whigs of those days believed that the only proper method of rising into power, was through hard essays of practised friendship and experienced fidelity. At that time it was not imagined that patriotism was a bloody idol, which required the sacrifice of children and parents, or dearest connexions in private life, and of all the virtues that rise from those relations. They were not of that ingenious, paradoxical morality, to imagine

that a spirit of moderation was properly shown in patiently bearing the sufferings of your friends; or that disinterestedness was clearly manifested at the expense of other people's fortune. They believed that no men could act with effect, who did not act in concert; that no men could act in concert, who did not act with confidence; that no men could act with confidence, who were not bound together by common opinions, common affections, and common interests.

These wise men—for such I must call Lord Sunderland, Lord Godolphin, Lord Somers, and Lord Marlborough—were too well principled in those maxims upon which the whole fabric of public strength is built, to be blown off their ground by the breath of every childish talker. They were not afraid that they should be called an ambitious junto; or that their resolution to stand or fall together should, by placemen, be interpreted into a scuffle for places.

Party is a body of men united, for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest, upon some particular principle, in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive, that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them to be of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ them with effect. Therefore every honourable connexion will avow it is their first purpose, to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution, with all the power and authority of the state. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for these situations. Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things; and, by no means, for private considerations, to accept any offers of power in which the whole body is not included; nor to suffer themselves to be led, or to be controlled, or to be over-balanced, in office or in council, by those who contradict, the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connexion must stand. Such a generous contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from those numberless imposters, who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude.—BURKE.

## REVIEW.

THE WATER-WITCH, or the Skimmer of the Seas. A Tale; by the author of the Pilot, Red Rover, &c. &c. &c. Philadelphia, 1831. Carey & Lea. 2 vols. 12 mo. pp. 507.

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We are persuaded we do no more than echo the public voice, when we say, that this last production of our gifted countryman not merely sustains the high reputation which his former labours had procured him, but gives to our country an additional reason to be proud of its literature. To say that we had our interest powerfully awakened by the perusal, is to express but poorly the opinion we formed of its merits—in truth we know not how to speak of it in terms of sufficient moderation, to escape the charge of extravagance in our eulogy; and we have therefore determined to pick a quarrel with Mr. Cooper, about another matter, before we begin to deal with the Witch, that has so “bewitched” every body.—We allude to his previous story, with a name so fancifully alliterative and mystical—“The Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish.” Such a title would have done very well for the last century, when novel reading was confined to boarding schools, and when mystery constituted the chief attraction of the story. But quaintness and affectation are beneath the dignity, to which novel writing has been raised at the present day, and to which few have contributed more largely, or more efficiently, than Mr. Cooper himself. He ought to have remembered, that it now formed a distinct and important branch of polite literature, and that its respectable writers ought to hold themselves above the foppery of mysterious names. What a pity it is the author did not think of the ridiculous effect a translation of his title would have—*The Mourned of Whip-Poor-Will!* Can any thing be more absurd?

And now that we have vented our wrath against the author for his undignified choice of a name, we cannot quit the Whip-Poor-Will story, without a word or two as to its merits, which even the Witch has not had power to make us forget. Its scenery, machinery, incidents and plot, are all of the most deeply interesting character, and are described with a power

and pathos of expression to which it would be difficult for the most insensible to refuse their sympathies. The attack upon the dwelling of the Heathcotes, by the savages, the melancholy issue of which closes the first volume, is described with such vividness and felicity of colouring, that the mind can scarcely be brought to admit that it is "delusion all;" and the eye involuntarily closes to shut out the horrible reality of the picture. There is an intensity of interest in the description of this last act of the savages, the firing of the blockhouse, in which the family of old Mark Heathcote, after every effort of defence had proved fruitless, sought their last refuge, which it is not in the power of words to exaggerate or render more affecting. We were not surprised that the author seemed to flag in the second volume: no power of genius perhaps could have kept up the excitement of such a scene—we never met, in any narration, fictitious or real, so perfect an example of the terribly sublime.—But the second volume, nevertheless, contains many beauties of delineation, many scenes of exquisite feeling, and many evidences highly honorable to the author that he did not enter upon his work, without first making himself thoroughly acquainted with the character of the early settlers, and the nature of the difficulties they had to encounter. Judging, however, from the few genuine reports of Indian speeches which we have seen, and from the general character of Indian colloquy as represented in our public records, we should say that the author has not been very fortunate in catching their peculiar form of speech. If the specimens of it within our recollection be fairly given, it is not only figurative, but at the same time beautifully simple and intelligible. Our author has made it rather mystical than metaphorical, and far too metaphysical to be either simple or intelligible. He has been much more happy in preserving the quaint biblical and affected, jargon of the puritans of that period; and has been peculiarly accurate in his illustrations of some of their prominent traits. Upon the whole, we think that no one, after reading the *Wept of the Wish-ton-Wish*, will be hardy enough to say that our country young and *uncastled* as it is, cannot furnish subjects of sufficient interest, for a novel, in hands that know how to deck and embellish them.

As to "the Water-Witch," or "Skimmer of the Seas," we have really



turned it over and over again, in the *hope* of discovering something that we could find fault with—something that a fair and honest, and withal an inexperienced, reviewer might condemn, without being thought fastidious and hypocritical. We say in the *hope*; for next to the disagreeable task of reading a book in which one can find nothing to praise, must be the horror of undertaking to review a “faultless monster,” where one is obliged to cull all the superlatives of the language, and run the gantelope of sickening, honied phrases, in order to show that one knows what perfection is, though it meets one for the first time, in such a form. But, thanks to that *clairvoyance* which criticism bestows even upon its tyros, our search was not altogether without fruits—we pounced upon the old French valet, and by dint of quibbling and cross-examination—an art we borrowed from some of our neighbours in the Athenæum—made him acknowledge that he was not a legitimate Frenchman, nor regularly “brought up” for the service into which the author had pressed him. We thought we could perceive, too, that his fair young mistress, albeit a great admirer of the Cid, had not learned her French in the school of “Peter Corneille.”—By the way, this fashion, which has suddenly become so prevalent, of introducing into the colloquies of novels a jargon of all languages and dialects that happen to have printed grammars or vocabularies, is outrageously annoying, as well to those who *do* as to those who *do not*, understand outlandish lingo;—for the latter often lose, or what is as bad fancy they lose, a good joke, while the former are much oftener called upon to sneer at the author’s absurd mistakes than laugh at his borrowed wit. We regretted to see our countryman falling into the fashion.—It puzzled our brain for some time to find out for what good purpose the ex-governor of the province was introduced to the reader, until at length the idea occurred to us, that it might be intended to give greater respectability to the character of the freetraders, by showing that he had the countenance of “the lord Cornbury.”—

But we have said enough to show that we know how to exercise the privilege—to which we have the double claim of sex and calling—of scolding, when occasion offers; and having at the same time satisfied ourselves, that the author will be obliged to write another novel, before he can



boast of having attained that unattainable object of all human aspirations, perfection—we proceed with more alacrity to mingle our voice in the general acclamation, with which the *Water-Witch* has been welcomed.—Even the Title page presented something to allure our favours—the *motto* struck our fancy as one of the neatest and most appropriate, that could have been selected—“*Que diable alloit-il faire dans cette galère?*” It was the very question we asked ourselves, though not precisely in the racy terms of Molière, when the name of the book first came to our ears. What can he do with *another* sea rover? thought we—Can there be so much “variety of untried being” in the vast wilderness of waters, as to furnish to the same author subjects of sufficient interest for two stories? To our inexperience, it seemed to be a bold adventure, and we trembled for the laurels already won by our countryman. We expected to recognise in the “*Skimmer of the Seas*” the features of our old acquaintance the “*Red Rover*,” and to find in the hazardous fortunes of the former, but little more than a repetition of the scenes through which we had attended the latter, with never to be forgotten interest. It is hardly necessary to say, that our doubts and fears were soon dissipated, and that all our forebodings were most happily disproved. Even in those occurrences common, in every latitude, to all who plough the seas, the author maintains an originality of sketching astonishingly fresh and vigorous; and so completely is he at home on the mountain wave, so perfectly is he master of the whole art of seamanship, that he never sets his foot on board, whether of queen’s cruiser or free-trader, that he does not create an all absorbing interest in the reader which is never for a moment intermitted.

Being unwilling to forestall or abridge the pleasure in attendance for those of our readers, who have not yet had an opportunity of perusing the *Water-Witch*, and loath to violate in the slightest degree the rights of its liberal and enterprising publishers, we forbear to give an abstract of the story. Considered by itself, however, the tale is not one that would be likely to excite a very deep interest in an unembellished narrative; it requires all the witchery of style, and pomp of circumstance, which the author has thrown around it, (and which no epitome could preserve,) to render it at-

tractive. His great preeminence lies in description, in the taste and nice appropriation of his figures, in the beauty, force and accuracy of expression; in short, it is in that prompt and peculiar command of language—that gives it all its graphick power, that he stands almost unrivalled. We want no chart or map to enable us to understand his topography—a touch of his magick pencil places his whole track before our eyes. This it is, that constitutes the charm of the *Water-Witch*, for there is nothing either in the narrative or conversation, to distinguish it from the mass of similar productions.—We shall take the liberty of making one or two extracts, which we trust will excite rather than allay curiosity in those who have not seen the work. That which follows is a description of the chase, through the narrow channels and eddies of the East river and the dangerous passage of “*Hell Gate*.” The chaser and the chased, had both made ineffectual signals for a pilot, and were running the awful hazard of a passage alike unknown to both.

“When Ludlow found himself in the position just described, he turned all his attention to the double object of preserving his own vessel, and arresting that of the freetrader. Though there was still a possibility of damaging the spars of the brigantine by firing across the land, the feebleness of his own crew, reduced as it was by more than half its numbers, the danger of doing injury to the farm-houses that were here and there placed along the low cliffs, and the necessity of preparation to meet the critical pass ahead, united to prevent the attempt. The ship was no sooner fairly entered into the pass, between Blackwell’s and Nassau, than he issued an order to secure the guns that had been used, and to clear away the anchors.

‘Cock-bill the bowers, Sir,’ he hastily added, in his orders to Trysail. ‘We are in no condition to sport with stock-and-fluke; have every thing ready to let go at a word; and see the grapnels ready,—we will throw them aboard the smuggler as we close, and take him alive. Once fast to the chain, we are yet strong enough to haul him in under our scuppers, and to capture him with the pumps! Is the signal still abroad, for a pilot?’

‘We keep it flying, Sir; but ’t will be a swift boat that overhauls us in this tide’s-way. The gate begins at yonder bend in the land, Captain Ludlow!’

‘Keep it abroad; the lazy rogues are sometimes loitering in the cove this side the rocks, and chance may throw one of them aboard us, as we pass. See to the anchors, Sir; the ship is driving through this channel, like a race-horse under the whip!’

‘The men were busily piped to this duty, while their young commander took his station on the poop, now anxiously examining the courses of the tides and the positions of the eddies, and now turning his eyes towards the brigantine, whose upper spars and white sails were to be seen, at the distance of two hundred fathoms, glaring past the trees of the Island. But miles and minutes seemed like rods and moments, in that swift current. Trysail had just reported the anchors ready, when the ship swept up abreast of the cove, where vessels often seek an anchorage, to await favorable moments for entering the Gate. Ludlow saw, at a glance, that the place was entirely empty. For an instant he yielded to the heavy responsibility—a responsibility before which a seaman sooner shrinks than before any other—that of charging himself with the duty of the pilot; and he thought of running into the anchorage for shelter. But another glimpse at the spars of the brigantine caused him to waver.

‘We are near the Gate, Sir!’ cried Trysail, in a voice that was full of warning.

‘Yon daring mariner stands on!’

‘The rogue sails his vessel without the Queen’s permission, Captain Ludlow. They tell me, this is a passage that has been well named!’

‘I have been through it, and will vouch for its character—he shows no signs of anchoring!’

‘If the woman who points his course [a female figure at the prow] can carry him through safely, she deserves her title [the, *Water-Witch*.] We are passing the cove, Captain Ludlow!’

‘We are past it!’ returned Ludlow breathing heavily. ‘Let there be no whisper in the ship—pilot or no pilot, we now sink or swim!’

"Trysail had ventured to remonstrate, while there was a possibility of avoiding the danger; but, like his commander, he now saw that all depended on their own coolness and care. He passed busily among the crew; saw that each brace and bowline was manned; cautioned the few young officers who continued on board to vigilance, and then awaited the orders of his superior, with the composure that is so necessary to a seaman in the moment of trial. Ludlow himself, while he felt the load of responsibility he had assumed, succeeded equally well in maintaining an outward calm. The ship was irretrievably in the Gate, and no human power could retrace the step. At such moments of intense anxiety, the human mind is wont to seek support in the opinions of others. Notwithstanding the increasing velocity and the critical condition of his own vessel, Ludlow cast a glance, in order to ascertain the determination of the 'Skimmer of the Seas.' Blackwell's was already behind them, and as the two currents were again united, the brigantine had luffed up into the dangerous passage, and now followed within two hundred feet of the Coquette, [the name of Ludlow's ship] directly in her wake. The bold and manly looking mariner, who controlled her, stood between the night-heads, just above the image of his pretended mistress, where he examined the foaming reefs, the whirling eddies, and the varying currents, with folded arms and a rivetted eye. A glance was exchanged between the two officers, and the freetrader raised his sea-cap. Ludlow was too courteous not to return the salutation, and then all his senses were engrossed by the care of the ship. A rock lay before them, over which the water broke in a loud and unceasing roar. For an instant it seemed that the vessel could not avoid the danger, and then it was already past.

'Brace up!' said Ludlow, in the calm tones that denote a forced tranquillity.

'Luff!' called out the Skimmer, so quickly as to show that he took the movements of the cruiser for his guide. The ship came closer to the wind, but the sudden bend in the stream no longer permitted her to steer in a direct line with its course. Though drifting to windward with vast rapidity, her way through the water, which was greatly increased by the contrary

actions of the wind and tide, caused the cruiser to shoot across the current; while a reef, over which the water madly tumbled, lay immediately in her course. The danger seemed too imminent for the observances of nautical etiquette, and Trysail called aloud that the ship must be thrown aback or she was lost.

‘Hard-a-lee!’ shouted Ludlow, in the strong voice of authority—‘up with every thing—tacks and sheets!—main top-sail haul!’

‘The ship seemed as conscious of her danger as any on her decks. The bows whirled away from the foaming reef, and as the sails caught the breeze, on their opposite surfaces, they aided in bringing her head in the contrary direction. A minute had scarcely passed ere she was aback, and in the next she was about and full again. The intensity of the brief exertion kept Trysail fully employed; but no sooner had he leisure to look ahead than he again called aloud—

‘Here is another roarer under her bows;—luff sir, luff, or we are upon it!’

‘Hard down your helm!’ over again came in deep tones from Ludlow—‘Let fly your sheets—throw all aback, forward and aft—away with the yards, with a will, men!’

‘There was need for all of these precautions. Though the ship had so happily escaped the dangers of the first reef, a turbulent and roaring caldron in the water, which, as representing the element in ebullition, is called ‘the Pot,’ lay so directly before her, as to render the danger apparently inevitable. But the power of the canvass was not lost on this trying occasion. The forward motion of the ship diminished, and as the current still swept her swiftly to windward, her bows did not enter the rolling waters until the hidden rocks which caused the commotion had been passed. The yielding vessel rose and fell in the agitated water, as if in homage to the whirlpool; but the deep keel was unharmed.

‘If the ship shoot ahead twice her length more, her bows will touch the eddy!’ exclaimed the vigilant master.

‘Ludlow looked around him, for a single moment, in indecision. The waters were whirling and roaring on every side, and the sails began to lose

their power, as the ship drew near the bluff which forms the second angle in this critical pass. He saw, by objects on the land, that he still approached the shore, and he had recourse to the seaman's last expedient.

‘Let go both anchors!’ was the final order.

‘The fall of the massive iron into the water, was succeeded by the rumbling of the cable. The first effort to check the progress of the vessel, appeared to threaten dissolution to the whole fabric, which trembled under the shock from its mast-heads to the keel. But the enormous rope again yielded, and smoke was seen rising around the wood which held it. The ship whirled with the sudden check, and sheered wildly in towards the shore. Met by the helm, and again checked by the efforts of the crew, she threatened to defy restraint. There was an instant when all on board expected to hear the cable snap; but the upper sails filled, and as the wind was now brought over the taffrail, the force of the current was in a great degree met by that of the breeze.

‘The ship answered her helm and became stationary, while the water foamed against her cut-water, as if she were driven ahead with the power of a brisk breeze.

‘The time, from the moment when the *Coquette* entered the Gate, to that when she anchored below ‘the Pot,’ though the distance was near a mile, seemed but a minute. Certain however that his ship was now checked, the thoughts of Ludlow returned to their other duties with the quickness of lightning.

‘Clear away the grapnels!’ he eagerly cried—‘stand by to heave, and haul in!—heave!’

‘But, that the reader may better comprehend the motive of this sudden order, he must consent to return to the entrance of the dangerous passage, and accompany the *Water-witch*, also, in her hazardous experiment to get through without a pilot.

‘The abortive attempt of the brigantine to stem the tide at the western end of Blackwell’s, will be remembered. It had no other effect than to place her pursuer more in advance, and to convince her own commander that he had now no other resource than to continue his course; for, had he an-

hored, boats would have insured his capture. When the two vessels appeared off the eastern end of the island, the *Coquette* was ahead,—a fact that the experienced free-trader did not at all regret. He profited by the circumstance to follow her movements, and to make a favourable entrance into the uncertain currents. To him, Hell-Gate was known only by its fearful reputation among mariners; and unless he might avail himself of the presence of the cruiser, he had no other guide than his own general knowledge of the power of the element.

“When the *Coquette* had tacked, the calm and observant *Skimmer* was satisfied with throwing his head-sails flat to the mast. From that instant, the brigantine lay floating in the current, neither advancing nor receding a foot, and always keeping her position at a safe distance from the ship, that was so adroitly made to answer the purpose of a beacon. The sails were watched with the closest care; and so nicely was the delicate machine tended, that it would have been, at any moment, in her people’s power to have lessened her way, by turning to the stream. The *Coquette* was followed till she anchored, and the call on board the cruiser to heave the grapnels had been given, because the brigantine was apparently floating directly down on her broadside.

“When the grapnels were hove from the royal cruiser, the free-trader stood on the low poop of his little vessel, within fifty feet of him who had issued the order. There was a smile of indifference on his firm mouth while he silently waved a hand to his own crew. The signal was obeyed by bracing round their yards, and suffering all the canvass to fill. The brigantine shot quickly ahead, and the useless irons fell heavily into the water.

‘Many thanks for your pilotage, Captain Ludlow!’ cried the daring and successful mariner of the shawl, as his vessel, borne on by wind and current, receded rapidly from the cruiser—‘You will find me off Montauk; for affairs still keep us on the coast. Our lady has, however, put on the blue mantle; and ere many settings of the sun, we shall look for deep water. Take good care of Her Majesty’s ship, I pray thee, for she has neither a more beautiful nor a faster!’



"One thought succeeded another with the tumult of a torrent, in the mind of Ludlow. As the brigantine lay directly under his broad side, the first impulse was to use his guns; but at the next moment he was conscious that before they could be cleared, distance would render them useless. His lips had nearly parted with intent to order the cables cut, but he remembered the speed of the brigantine, and hesitated. A sudden freshening of the breeze decided his course. Finding that the ship was enabled to keep her station, he ordered the crew to thrust the whole of the enormous ropes through the hawse-holes; and freed from the restraint, he abandoned the anchors, until an opportunity to reclaim them should offer.

"The operation of slipping the cables consumed several minutes; and when the *Coquette* with every thing set, was again steering in pursuit, the *Water-witch* was already beyond the reach of her guns. Both vessels however, held on their way, keeping as near as possible to the centre of the stream, and trusting more to fortune, than to any knowledge of the channel, for safety.

"When passing the two small islands, that lie at no great distance from the Gate, a boat was seen moving towards the royal cruiser. A man in it pointed to the signal, which was still flying, and offered his services.

'Tell me,' demanded Ludlow eagerly, 'has yonder brigantine taken a pilot?'

'By her movements I judge not. She brushed the sunken rock, off the mouth of Flushing bay; and as she passed, I heard the song of the lead. I should have gone on board myself, but the fellow rather flies than sails; and as for signals, he seems to mind none but his own!'

'Bring us up with him, and fifty guineas is thy reward!'

"The slow moving pilot, who in truth had just awoke from a refreshing sleep, opened his eyes, and seemed to gather a new impulse from the promise. When his questions were asked and answered, he began deliberately to count on all his fingers the chances that still existed of a vessel, whose crew was ignorant of the navigation, falling into their hands.

'Admitting that, by keeping mid-channel, she goes clear of White Stone and Frogs,' he said, giving to Throgmorton's its vulgar name, 'he must be



a wizard, to know that the Stepping-Stones lie directly across his course, and that a vessel must steer away northerly, or bring up on rocks that will as surely hold him as if he were built there. Then he runs his chance for the Executioners, which are as prettily placed as needs be, to make our trade flourish; besides the Middle Ground further east, though I count but little on that, having often tried to find it myself, without success. Courage, noble captain! if the fellow be the man you say, we shall get a nearer look at him before the sun sets; for certainly he who has run the Gate without a pilot with safety, has had as much good luck as can fall to his share in one day.'

"The opinion of the East River Branch proved erroneous. Notwithstanding the hidden perils by which she was environed, the Water-witch continued her course, with a speed that increased as the wind rose with the sun, and with an impunity from harm that amazed all who were in the secret of her situation——"

Before we proceed to give our second extract, the pathos and sublimity of which we consider as unsurpassed by any thing in the English language, it will be necessary to apprise the reader, that all the principal personages of the story were on board the royal cruiser, except of course the "Skimmer of the Seas" whose marvellous escape we have just seen. Why they were there, or how they got there, we leave to the book itself to explain. It will be sufficient, for the understanding of what follows, to state that when the royal cruiser arrived off Montauk, instead of meeting the Water-witch, she fell in with a French ship of war, and that her commander, notwithstanding the great inferiority of force, resolved not to avoid an engagement. A severe contest ensued, in which the commander of the French ship was killed, on the deck of the *Coquette*, and the latter would probably have been victorious, when a larger enemy's ship was seen bearing down upon them, and Ludlow was compelled to haul off, and seek the safety of his cruiser by running in as well as he could under the land. In this situation, in the darkness of the night, while standing with his passengers on the poop of his ship, Ludlow was startled at the sudden and mysterious appearance, at his side, of the bold mariner of the Water-witch, who came to give him

the friendly warning that the enemy's boats were on the water and would soon be aboard of him—the warning was not disregarded, preparations were made to receive the boats, in the midst of which the mysterious mariner disappeared, and after a short interval the boats actually appeared and the attack commenced. Courage was of no avail against such superiority of numbers, and an attack so well planned: Ludlow's men fought with a desperate resolution, but were driven successively from all their defences, and were on the point of yielding, when the same mysterious visitor again appeared on the deck with a number of his crew, and shouting as they came to the succour "Abide the shock !". With these explanations, the reader will know enough to comprehend and feel the interest of what follows. We make no apology for the length of the extract, satisfied that the space it occupies, could be filled with nothing so likely to gratify the taste of every reader.—

"There was little noise in the onset, save the groans of the sufferers. It endured but a moment, but it was a moment that resembled the passage of a whirlwind. The defendants knew that they were succored, and the assailants recoiled before so unexpected a foe. The few that were caught beneath the forecastle were mercilessly slain, and those above were swept from their post like chaff drifting in a gale. The living and the dead were heard falling alike into the sea, and in an unconceivably short space of time, the decks of the *Coquette* were free. A solitary enemy still hesitated on the bowsprit. A powerful and active frame leaped along the spar, and though the blow was not seen, its effects were visible, as the victim tumbled helplessly into the ocean.

"The hurried dash of oars followed, and before the defendants had time to assure themselves of the completeness of their success, the gloomy void of the surrounding ocean had swallowed up the boats." \* \* \* \* \*

"From the moment when the *Coquette* fired her first gun, to the moment when the retiring boats became invisible, was just twenty minutes. Of this time, less than half had been occupied by the incidents related, in the ship. Short as it was in truth, it seemed to all engaged but an instant. The alarm was over, the sound of the oars had ceased, and still the survivors stood at their posts, as if expecting the attack to be renewed. Then

came those personal thoughts, which had been suspended in the fearful exigency of such a struggle. The wounded began to feel their pain, and to be sensible of the danger of their injuries; while the few, who had escaped unhurt, turned a friendly care on their shipmates. Ludlow, as often happens with the bravest and most exposed, had escaped without a scratch; but he saw by the drooping forms around him, which were no longer sustained by the excitement of battle, that his triumph was dearly purchased.

‘Send Mr. Trysail to me;’ he said, in a tone that had little of a victor’s exultation. ‘The land breeze has made, and we will endeavour to improve it, and get inside the Cape, lest the morning light give us more of these Frenchmen.’

‘The order for ‘Mr. Trysail!’ ‘the captain calls the master!’ passed in a low call from mouth to mouth, but it was unanswered. A seaman told the expecting young commander, that the Surgeon desired his presence forward. A gleaming of lights and a little group at the foot of the foremast, was a beacon not to be mistaken. The weather-beaten master was in the agony; and his medical attendant had just risen from a fruitless examination of his wounds, as Ludlow approached.” \*\*\*\*\*

“Notwithstanding the heavy loss, and the originally weakened state of her crew, the sails of the *Coquette* were soon spread, and the ship moved away in silence, as if sorrowing for those who had fallen at her anchorage. When the vessel was fairly in motion, her Captain ascended the poop, in order to command a clear view of all around him, as well as to profit by the situation to arrange his plans for the future. He found he had been anticipated by the freetrader.” \* \* \* \* \*

“The *Skimmer* paused, for at that moment a fierce light glared upon the ocean, the ship, and all in it. The two seamen gazed at each other in silence, and both recoiled, as men recede before an unexpected and fearful attack. But a bright and wavering light, which rose out of the forward hatch of the vessel, explained all. At the same moment, the deep stillness which, since the bustle of making sail had ceased, pervaded the ship, was broken by the appalling cry of ‘Fire!’

“The alarm which brings the blood in the swiftest current to a seaman’s

heart, was now heard in the depths of the vessel. The smothered sounds below, the advancing uproar, and the rush on deck, with the awful summons in the open air, succeeded each other with the rapidity of lightning. A dozen voices repeated the word 'the grenade!' proclaiming in a breath both the danger and the cause. But an instant before, the swelling canvass, the dusky spars, and the faint lines of the cordage, were only to be traced by the glimmering light of the stars; and now the whole hamper of the ship was the more conspicuous, from the obscure back-ground against which it was drawn in distinct lines. The sight was fearfully beautiful;—beautiful, for it showed the symmetry and fine outlines of the vessel's rig, resembling the effect of a group of statuary seen by torch-light,—and fearful, since the dark void beyond seemed to declare their isolated and helpless state.

"There was one breathless, eloquent moment, in which all were seen gazing at the grand spectacle in mute awe, and then a voice rose, clear, distinct, and commanding, above the sullen sound of the torrent of fire, which was roaring among the avenues of the ship.

'Call all hands to extinguish fire! Gentlemen, to your stations. Be cool, men; and be silent!'

"There was a calmness and an authority in the tones of the young commander, that curbed the impetuous feelings of the startled crew. Accustomed to obedience, and trained to order, each man broke out of his trance, and eagerly commenced the discharge of his allotted duty. At that instant, an erect and unmoved form stood on the combings of the main-hatch. A hand was raised in the air, and the call, which came from the deep chest, was like that of one used to speak in the tempest.

'Where are my brigantines?' it said—'Come away there, my sea-dogs; wet the light sails, and follow!'

"A group of grave and submissive mariners gathered about the 'Skimmer of the Seas,' at the sound of his voice. Glancing an eye over them, as if to scan their quality and number, he smiled, with a look in which high daring and practical self command was blended with a constitutional *gaieté de cœur*.

“One deck, or two!”—he added; ‘what avails a plank, more or less, in an explosion?—Follow!’

“The free-trader and his people disappeared in the interior of the ship. An interval of great and resolute exertion succeeded. Blankets, sails, and every thing which offered, and which promised to be of use, were wetted and cast upon the flames. The engine was brought to bear, and the ship was deluged with water. But the confined space, with the heat and smoke, rendered it impossible to penetrate to those parts of the vessel where the conflagration raged. The ardor of the men abated as hope lessened, and after half an hour of fruitless exertion, Ludlow saw, with pain, that his assistants began to yield to the inextinguishable principle of nature. The appearance of the Skimmer on deck, followed by all his people, destroyed hope, and every effort ceased as suddenly as it had commenced.

‘Think of your wounded;’ whispered the free-trader, with a steadiness no danger could disturb. ‘We stand on a raging volcano!’

‘I have ordered the gunner to drown the magazine.’

‘He was too late. The hold of the ship is a fiery furnace. I heard him fall among the store-rooms, and it surpassed the power of man to give the wretch succour. The grenade has fallen near some combustibles, and, painful as it is to part with a ship so loved, Ludlow, thou wilt meet the loss like a man! Think of thy wounded; my boats are still hanging at the stern.’

“Ludlow reluctantly, but firmly, gave the order to bear the wounded to the boats. This was an arduous and delicate duty. The smallest boy in the ship knew the whole extent of the danger, and that a moment, by the explosion of the powder, might precipitate them all into eternity. The deck forward was getting too hot to be endured, and there were places even in which the beams had given symptoms of yielding.

“But the poop, elevated still above the fire, offered a momentary refuge. Thither all retired, while the weak and wounded were lowered, with the caution circumstances would permit, into the whale boats of the smugglers.

“Ludlow stood at one ladder and the free-trader at the other, in order

to be certain that none proved recreant in so trying a moment. Near them were Alida, Seadrift, and the Alderman, with the attendants of the former.

"It seemed an age before this humane and tender duty was performed. At length the cry of 'all in!' was uttered, in a manner to betray the extent of the self-command that had been necessary to effect it.

'Now, Alida, we may think of thee!' said Ludlow, turning to the spot occupied by the silent heiress.

'And you?' she said, hesitating to move.

'Duty demands that I should be the last——.'

"A sharp explosion beneath, and fragments of fire flying upwards through a hatch, interrupted his words. Plunges into the sea, and a rush of the people to the boats, followed. All order and authority were completely lost, in the instinct of life. In vain did Ludlow call on his men to be cool, and to wait for those who were still above. His words were lost, in the uproar of clamorous voices. For a moment, it seemed, however, as if the Skimmer of the Seas would overcome the confusion. Throwing himself on a ladder, he glided into the bows of one of the boats, and holding by the ropes with a vigorous arm, he resisted the efforts of all the oars and boat-hooks, while he denounced destruction on him who dared to quit the ship. Had not the two crews been mingled, the high authority and determined mein of the free-trader would have prevailed; but while some were disposed to obey, others raised the cry of 'throw the dealer in witchcraft into the sea?'—Boat-hooks were already pointed at his breast, and the horrors of the fearful moment were about to be increased by the violence of a mutinous contention, when a second explosion nerved the arms of the rowers to madness. With a common and desperate effort, they overcame all resistance. Swinging off upon the ladder, the furious seaman saw the boat glide from his grasp, and depart. The execration that was uttered, beneath the stern of the *Coquette*, was deep and powerful; but, in another moment, the Skimmer stood on the poop, calm and undejected, in the centre of the deserted group.

'The explosion of a few of the officers' pistols has frightened the miscreants;' he said, cheerfully. 'But hope is not yet lost!—they linger in the distance, and may return!'

"The sight of the helpless party on the poop, and the consciousness of being less exposed themselves, had indeed arrested the progress of the fugitives. Still, selfishness predominated; and while most regretted their danger, none but the young and unheeded midshipmen, who were neither of an age nor of a rank to wield sufficient authority, proposed to return. There was little argument necessary to show that the perils increased at each moment; and, finding that no other expedient remained, the gallant youths encouraged the men to pull towards the land; intending themselves to return instantly to the assistance of their commander and his friends. The oars dashed into the water again, and the retiring boats were soon lost to view in the body of darkness." \* \* \*

"Of the progress of the flames beneath, the mariners could only judge by circumstances. The Skimmer glanced his eye about him, on regaining the poop, and appeared to scan the amount and quality of the physical force that was still left at their disposal. He saw that the Alderman, the faithful Francois, and two of his own seamen, with four of the petty officers of the ship, remained. The six latter, even in that moment of desperation, had calmly refused to desert their officers.

"The flames are in the state-rooms!" he whispered to Ludlow.

"Not further aft, I think, than the berths of the midshipmen—else we should hear more pistols."

"True—they are fearful signals to let us know the progress of the fire!—our resource is a raft."

"Ludlow looked as if he despaired of the means; but, concealing the discouraging fear, he answered cheerfully in the affirmative. The orders were instantly given, and all on board gave themselves to the task, heart and hand. The danger was one that admitted of no ordinary or half-conceived expedients; but, in such an emergency, it required all the readiness of their art, and even the greatness of that conception which is the property of genius. All distinctions of rank and authority had ceased, except as deference was paid to natural qualities and the intelligence of experience. Under such circumstances, the 'Skimmer of the Seas' took the lead; and though Ludlow caught his ideas with professional quickness, it was the



mind of the free-trader that controlled, throughout, the succeeding exertions of that fearful night.

"The cheek of Alida was blanched to a deadly paleness; but there rested about the bright and wild eyes of Seadrift, an expression of supernatural resolution.

"When the crew abandoned the hope of extinguishing the flames, they had closed all the hatches, to retard the crisis as much as possible. Here and there, however, little torch-lights were beginning to show themselves through the planks, and the whole deck, forward of the mainmast, was already in a critical and sinking state. One or two of the beams had failed, but, as yet, the form of the construction was preserved. Still the seamen distrusted the treacherous footing, and, had the heat permitted the experienced, they would have shrunk from a risk which at any unexpected moment might commit them to the fiery furnace beneath.

"The smoke ceased, and a clear, powerful light illuminated the ship to her trucks. In consequence of the care and exertions of her people, the sails and masts were yet untouched; and as the graceful canvass swelled with the breeze, it still urged the blazing hull through the water.

"The forms of the Skimmer and his assistants were visible, in the midst of the gallant-gear, perched on the giddy yards. Seen by that light, with his peculiar attire, his firm and certain step, and his resolute air, the free-trader resembled some fancied sea-god, who, secure in his immortal immunities, had come to act his part in that awful but exciting trial of hardihood and skill. Seconded by the common men, he was employed in cutting the canvass from the yards. Sail after sail fell upon the deck, and, in an incredibly short space of time, the whole of the foremast was naked to its spars and rigging.

"In the mean time, Ludlow, assisted by the Alderman and Francois, had not been idle below. Passing forward between the empty ridge-ropes, lanyard after lanyard parted under the blows of their little boarding-axes. The mast now depended on the strength of the wood and the support of a single back-stay.

'Lay down!' shouted Ludlow. 'All is gone aft, but this stay!'



"The Skimmer leaped upon the firm rope, followed by all aloft, and gliding downwards, he was instantly in the hammock-cloths. A crash followed their descent, and an explosion, which caused the whole of the burning fabric to tremble to its centre, seemed to announce the end of all. Even the free-trader recoiled before the horrible din; but when he stood near Seadrift and the heiress again, there was cheerfulness in his tones, and a look of high, and even of gay resolution, in his firm countenance.

'The deck has failed forwards,' he said, 'and our artillery is beginning to utter fearful signal-guns! Be of cheer!—the magazine of a ship lies deep, and many sheathed bulk-heads still protect us.'

"Another discharge from a heated gun, however, proclaimed the rapid progress of the flames. The fire broke out of the interior anew, and the foremast kindled.

'There must be an end of this!' said Alida, clasping her hands in a terror that could not be controlled. 'Save yourselves, if possible, you who have strength and courage, and leave us to the mercy of Him whose eye is over all!'

'Go;,' added Seadrift \* \* \* \* 'Human courage can do no more: leave us to die!'

"The looks, that were returned to these sad requests, were melancholy but unmoved. The Skimmer caught a rope, and still holding it in his hand, he descended to the quarter-deck, on which he at first trusted his weight with jealous caution. Then looking up, he smiled encouragingly, and said,—'Where a gun still stands, there is no danger for the weight of a man!'

'It is our only resource,' cried Ludlow, imitating his example. 'On, my men, while the beams will still hold us.'

"In a moment all were on the quarter deck, though the excessive heat rendered it impossible to remain stationary an instant. A gun on each side was run in, its tackles loosened, and its muzzle pointed towards the tottering, unsupported, but still upright foremast.

'Aim at the cleets!' said Ludlow to the Skimmer, who pointed one gun, while he did the same office at the other.

‘Hold!’ cried the latter. ‘Throw in shot—it is but the chance between a bursting gun and a lighted magazine!’

“Additional balls were introduced into each piece, and then, with steady hands, the gallant mariners applied burning brands to the priming. The discharges were simultaneous, and, for an instant, volumes of smoke rolled along the deck and seemed to triumph over the conflagration. The rending of wood was audible. It was followed by a sweeping noise in the air, and the fall of the fore-mast, with all its burden of spars, into the sea. The motion of the ship was instantly arrested, and, as the heavy timbers were still attached to the bowsprit by the forward stays, her head came to the wind, when the remaining topsails flapped, shivered, and took aback.

“The vessel was now, for the first time during the fire, stationary. The common mariners profited by the circumstance, and, darting past the mounting flame along the bulwarks, they gained the top-gallant-forecastle, which, though heated, was yet untouched. The Skimmer glanced an eye about him, and seizing Seadrift by the waist, as if the mimic seaman had been a child, he pushed forward between the ridge-ropes. Ludlow followed with Alida, and the others imitated their example in the best manner they could. All reached the head of the ship in safety; though Ludlow had been driven by the flames into the fore-channels, and thence nearly into the sea.

“The petty officers were already on the floating spars, separating them from each other, cutting away the unnecessary weight of rigging, bringing the several parts of the wood in parallel lines, and lashing them anew. Ever and anon, these rapid movements were quickened by one of those fearful signals from the officer’s berths, which, by announcing the progress of the flames beneath, betrayed their increasing proximity to the still slumbering volcano. The boats had been gone an hour, and yet it seemed to all in the ship, but a minute. The conflagration had, for the last ten minutes, advanced with renewed fury; and the whole of the confined flame, which had been so long pent in the depths of the vessel now glared high in the open air.

‘This heat can no longer be borne,’ said Ludlow; ‘We must to our raft, for breath.’

‘To the raft then!’ returned the cheerful voice of the free-trader. ‘Haul in your fasts, men, and stand by to receive the precious freight.’

“The seamen obeyed. Alida and her companions were lowered safely to the place prepared for their reception. The fore-mast had gone over the side, with all its spars aloft; for preparation had been made, before the fire commenced, to carry sail to the utmost, in order to escape the enemy. The skillful and active seamen, directed and aided by Ludlow and the Skimmer, had made a simple but happy disposition of those buoyant materials on which their all now depended. In settling in the water, the yards, still crossed, had happily fallen uppermost. The booms and all the light spars had been floated near the top, and laid across, reaching from the lower to the topsail yard. A few light spars, stowed outboard, had been cut away and added to the number, and the whole were secured with the readiness and ingenuity of seamen. On the first alarm of fire, some of the crew had seized a few light articles that would float, and rushed to the head, as the place most remote from the magazine, in the blind hope of saving life by swimming. Most of these articles had been deserted, when the people were rallied to exertion by their officers. A couple of empty shot-boxes and mess-chests were among them, and on the latter were seated the females, while the former served to keep their feet from the water. As this arrangement of the spars forced the principal mast entirely beneath the element, and the ship was so small as to need little artificial work in her masting, the part around the top, which contained the staying, was scarcely submerged. Although a ton in weight was added to the inherent gravity of the wood, still, as the latter was of the lightest description, and freed as much as possible of every thing that was unnecessary to the safety of those it supported, the spars floated sufficiently buoyant for the temporary security of the fugitives.

‘Cut the fast!’ said Ludlow, involuntarily starting at several explosions in the interior, which followed each other in quick succession, and which was succeeded by one which sent fragments of bursting wood into the air. ‘Cut, and bear the raft off the ship!’—God knows, we have need to be further asunder!’

‘Cut not!’ cried the half frantic Seadrift—‘My brave!—my devoted!—’

‘Is safe;—’ calmly said the Skimmer, appearing in the rattlings of the main-rigging, which was still untouched by the fire—‘Cut off all! I stay to brace the mizen-topsail more firmly aback.’

‘The duty was done, and for a moment the fine figure of the free-trader was seen standing on the edge of the burning ship, looking with regret at the glowing mass.

‘Tis the end of a lovely craft!’ he said, loud enough to be heard by those beneath. Then he appeared in the air, and sunk into the sea—‘The last signal was from the ward-room,’ added the dauntless and dexterous mariner, as he rose from the water, and, shaking the brine from his head, he took his place on the stage—‘Would to God the wind would blow, for we have need of greater distance!’

‘The precaution the free-trader had taken, in adjusting the sails, was not without its use. Motion the raft had none, but as the topsails of the *Coquette* were still aback, the flaming mass, no longer arrested by the clogs in the water, began slowly to separate from the floating spars, though the tottering and half burnt masts threatened, at each moment, to fall.

‘Never did moments seem so long, as those which succeeded. Even the Skimmer and Ludlow watched, in speechless interest, the tardy movements of the ship. By little and little, she receded; and, after ten minutes of intense expectation, the seamen, whose anxiety had increased as their exertions ended, began to breathe more freely. They were still fearfully near the dangerous fabric, but destruction from the explosion was no longer inevitable. The flames began to glide upwards, and then the heavens appeared on fire, as one heated sail after another kindled and flared wildly in the breeze.

‘Still the stern of the vessel was entire. The body of the master was seated against the mizen-mast, and even the stern visage of the old seaman was distinctly visible, under the broad light of the conflagration. Ludlow gazed at it in melancholy, and for a time he ceased to think of the ship, while memory dwelt, in sadness, on those scenes of boyish happiness, and of professional pleasures, in which his ancient shipmate had so

largely participated. The roar of a gun, whose stream of fire flashed nearly to their faces, and the sullen whistling of its shot, which crossed the raft, failed to awaken him from his trance.

‘Stand firm to the mess-chest!’ half-whispered the Skimmer, motioning to his companions to place themselves in attitudes to support the weaker of their party, while, with sedulous care, he braced his own athletic person in a manner to throw all of its weight and strength against the seat. ‘Stand firm, and be ready!’

“Ludlow complied, though his eye scarce changed its direction. He saw the bright flame that was rising above the arm-chest, and he fancied that it came from the funeral pile of the young Damont, whose fate, at the moment he was almost disposed to envy. Then he turned to the grim countenance of Trysail. At moments, it seemed that the dead master spoke; and so strong did the illusion become, that our young sailor bent forward more than once to listen. While under this delusion, the body rose, with the arms stretched upwards. The air was filled with a sheet of streaming fire, while the ocean and the heavens glowed with one glare of intense and fiery red. Notwithstanding the precautions of the ‘Skimmer of the Seas’ the chest was driven from its place, and those by whom it was held were nearly precipitated into the water. A deep, heavy detonation proceeded as it were from the bosom of the sea, which, while it wounded the ear less than the sharp explosion that had just before issued from the gun, was audible at the distant capes of the Delaware. The body of Trysail sailed upwards for fifty fathoms, in the centre of a flood of flame, and, describing a short curve, it came towards the raft, and cut the water within reach of the captain’s arm. A sullen plunge of a gun followed, and proclaimed the tremendous power of the explosion; while a ponderous yard fell athwart a part of the raft, sweeping away the four petty officers of Ludlow, as if they had been just driving before a gale. To increase the wild and fearful grandeur of the dissolution of the royal cruiser, one of the cannon emitted its fiery contents while sailing in the void.

“The burning spars, the falling fragments, the blazing and scattered canvass and cordage, the glowing shot, and all the torn particles of the

ship, were seen decending. Then followed the gurgling of water, as the ocean swallowed all that remained of the cruiser which had so long been the pride of the American seas. The fiery glow disappeared, and a gloom, like that which succeeds the glare of vivid lightning, fell on the scene.”—

In all that follows of the story, to the very last word, the reader's interest is never for a moment abated, nor does the author evince the slightest diminution or weariness of powers; on the contrary, his genius seems to acquire strength as it expands, and its latest emanation breaks upon us with a splendour as dazzling, and with an effect as startling, as its brightest meridian beam. But we dare not indulge ourselves with any further extracts, lest we may trespass upon rights that we desire to respect.—One word more, and we take leave of the Water-Witch with our best wishes. We discover many decided evidences in these volumes, that the author's residence abroad has not been for the gratification of a vain or idle curiosity: he has made honorable profit of what he has seen, and has greatly enriched his style by a personal acquaintance with things and places which before he could know only from the reports of others. But he has lost nothing of his American character; and, we trust, has no disposition to extend his absence to a period that may lead his countrymen to entertain such a fear.

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### TUNNEL,

CONSTRUCTED UNDER THE BED OF THE RIVER EUPHRATES AT  
BABYLON.

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The tunnel, recently constructed under the river Thames at London, by a French Engineer, has occupied much of public attention; but it is not generally known, that an Assyrian engineer accomplished a similar work in the city of Babylon, by the order of Semiramis, queen of Assyria —

An erudite in France; cites a passage from *Diodorus* of Sicily, which gives circumstantial details of that remarkable undertaking.

In the least elevated part of Babylon, a square basin was formed, of which each face or wall was brick incrustured with bitumen, and was three hundred

stadia in length, and thirty-five feet in height.—When it was perfectly prepared to receive the water of the river, which had been diverted from its usual course; a subterranean gallery was commenced under each bank, the arches of which were of burnt bricks of four coudees thickness, and covered within and without with a coat of melted bitumen. The walls of this gallery were of twenty bricks in thickness, and, exclusive of the curvature of the Arch, were twelve feet in height; the width between was fifteen feet.—

This work was completed in seven months, when the Euphrates, reconducted to its natural bed, its waters flowed over the subterranean Gallery or Tunnel.—Thus Semiramis could, without the exposure of crossing the river, pass from one palace to another at pleasure.

(*Diod. liv. II, chap. 9.*)

Possibly there may be some perversion or misapprehension of the space of time, which Diodorus imagines, was allowed to the Assyrian engineer for the construction of this remarkable subterranean way; or may be, the space of time only is alluded to which it took to reconduct the Euphrates to its former course, after its having been diverted therefrom.—However that may be, the details given of the subterranean monument in question, do not afford the shadow of a doubt of the fact of its having been.—

## EXCERPTIONS:

FROM THE SCRAP-BOOK OF AN OMNIVOROUS READER.

### No. I.

—  
 “—A thing of shreds and patches—”  
 —

GREAT MEN. Rochefaucault, whose apothegms were oftener paradoxical than true, remarks that it is only great men who can have great faults. It is the essence of greatness, in the sense in which it is used by Rochefaucault, as well as in its common and proper acceptation, to be without faults—or at least as free from them as human nature can be. The man

who has great faults, therefore, cannot be a great man. It is the commission of great faults that prevents a man from rising above mediocrity. The sentiment was no doubt inspired by the desire, and uttered for the purpose, of flattering some wealthy or powerful patron, whose only evidence of greatness, perhaps, was the possession of great faults, which could be no otherwise excused.

**MISAPPLICATION OF A SENTIMENT.** No quotation is more hacknied than a part of the following lines from Shakspeare's "Measure for Measure," occurring in the address of Isabella to Claudio.

—————"Dar'st thou die?  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies" ———

The three last lines are often repeated, but I do not remember ever to have heard them applied, as quoted, in the sense given to them by the author. All that he meant to say, was that we suffer in dying no more than a beetle, a bug, or a worm—that is, not at all—and that we should, therefore, never be afraid to die. In the common application, on the contrary, the quotation is used to indicate the cruelty of inflicting death upon the meanest insect, on the ground that its suffering is as great as that of the most noble of the human race—meaning that the pang of death is acute, agonizing, terrible. To quote Shakspeare in support of the latter opinion, is to ascribe to him a sentiment which he never uttered—a liberty which I conceive nobody has a right to take with any author.

**GUNPOWDER.** Hallam, in his View of the State of Europe during the middle ages—a work, by the way, which seems to have been written more for the purpose of displaying the extent of the author's own learning than of giving information to the reader—strikes a death blow at the fame of the English philosopher, Roger Bacon, by stripping him of almost the only distinction, for which he is remembered—his invention of Gunpowder. This instrument of human destruction, the discovery of which produced so great a revolution in the military systems of the world, Mr. Hallam informs



us, on the authority of an Arabic writer, was introduced into Europe, by the Saracens, before the middle of the 13th century. It was a devilish invention, to say the best of it, and it is perhaps as well for the credit of Christendom to give the fame of it to those who are without its pale.

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ENGLISH LANGUAGE. The same writer communicates a curious fact, not generally known, which is more than sufficient to account for, and excuse, the slower progress of the English language to perfection, than that of any other polished nation of Europe. He states that the earliest English instrument known to exist, bears date in 1343—and that the most ancient original work in that language, the travels of Sir John Mandeville, was written about 1350. Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, soon afterwards, did that for poetry which Sir John's travels had done for prose, and about the close of the 14th century, it began to be fashionable for Englishmen to write and speak their own language. The lapse of four hundred years, has done little more than simplify the orthography, and introduce foreign words: and extension and improvement of the original language, by new combinations, seems to have formed no part of the labours of English philologists.

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QUEEN ELIZABETH. It is remarkable, that during the long reign of Elizabeth, there was but one nobleman in England who bore the rank of Duke—and he, the duke of Norfolk, was executed in 1572, for the crime of entertaining the project of espousing the beautiful captive, Mary of Scotland. From the period of his execution, until James I. created his favorite, George Villiers, duke of Buckingham, that degree of nobility was dormant in England. The same reason, no doubt, which operated with the Virgin against restoring any of the attainted families, prevented her raising her ministers and favorites to that dignity—namely, the fear of being called upon to give up a portion of her revenue; for though she is said not to have been avaricious, it is very certain she discovered a great unwillingness to distribute her treasures, at home. There are some in-

stances of her munificent liberality towards some of the continental powers, particularly to Henry IV. of France; but she calculated to reap a golden interest from these examples of her bounty, by rendering herself more secure upon the throne, which, even in the plenitude of her power and popularity, she entertained a constant dread of losing. It is fortunate for the liberties of England, that Elizabeth's successor was indolent and unambitious; had he possessed the spirit and temper of that unfeminine maiden, the parliament and its rights would long ago have ceased to exist.

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MARCH OF INTELLECT. This is a favorite topic with the wags of the day, who sometimes display a good deal of wit in their anticipations of the progress of human invention. I remember reading some time ago, in a London Magazine, a "dialogue for the year 1830," which I thought had more merit in the conceit, than in the execution. Two subjects were discussed by the interlocutors, namely, that to which I have just alluded, and the mutability of human institutions.—In regard to the first, there is scarcely sufficient extravagance in the ideas even to excite our admiration of the present state of the arts. The improvements, to which the author looks forward three centuries hence, might very well be anticipated before the end of the next generation, without subjecting the speculator to any violent imputation of insanity. His Steam Porter and Automaton Note-Writer, are almost equalled by the Gig and Horse, already invented, as the English papers inform us, to carry three persons and travel ten miles an hour—the horse lifting its legs like the natural animal in full trot!—On the second subject, in which, among other things, he brings our "happy republic" under review, the wag has been more felicitous in the play of his fancy. The King of Carolina, the Duke of Massachusetts, and Jonathan the 3rd at Washington, are personages, that an eye of little more than ordinary powers, may already see moving about in embryo, like eels in a drop of vinegar. But instead of "Jonathan the 3rd," I am more inclined to believe that the year 2130 will see upon the throne at Washington at least the *tenth* of that or some other regal name. Our republic

has already reached its perihelium, and is now rapidly receding from the bright sun of its prosperity. Such a form of government can only be maintained while the people are intelligent and virtuous, contented and unambitious.

At the best, it is but ill adapted to spread its arms over an almost boundless continent, and supply the wants, and harmonize the differences, of an almost equally boundless variety of distinct communities. A grasping ambition and a free government are incompatible with each other. The first blow given to the permanence of our institutions, came from the great apostle of democracy himself. His purchase of Louisiana awakened a spirit which has never since been at rest. The ambition of his successor spent itself in the more harmless operation of war; but the next administration had leisure to contemplate the seducing example, and to add another star to our constellation, by the acquisition of the Floridas. The present head of the government, a soldier of fortune, without wisdom or prudence, begins his career with a promise to his needy and greedy followers, that he will extend still further the limits of our vast unwieldy territory by adding to it, whether by purchase or conquest, the northern boundary of Mexico, the Province of Texas! This will be the *coup de grace* to "The United States of North America," and a military despotism will close the scene. Such is the history of republics:—such is the fate of a people who become idolaters.

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HYPERBOLE. Writers and speakers who are fond of using this rhetorical figure, may cite an authority in its favour, which few objectors will be hardy enough to dispute. The whole compass of language scarcely furnishes an example of bolder exaggeration, than that used by the evangelist St. John, at the conclusion of his gospel, merely to impress upon his readers the fact, that he did not attempt to give a full relation of the works of his divine master. His words are: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

THOMAS ANIETTO. In the rage for tracing, in the political actors of the present day, some resemblance to those who have figured at a former period, it is a little marvellous, that nobody should have discovered a parallel to the famous fisherman of Naples. Thomas Anietto, or *Masaniello*, as he is more commonly called, by corruption and contraction of his two names. This celebrated personage, when about the middle of the seventeenth century the political cauldron began to boil, was raised with the scum to the top of the pot, and became for a time the head of the reformers, and the idol of the lazzaroni. He was entirely without education, nor was its place supplied by any of that quickness of parts which sometimes enables "fools of fortune" to hide their deficiencies; but nature had bestowed upon him a degree of animal courage, which had often distinguished him in the vulgar, and sometimes murderous, brawls peculiar to his class of compeers; and on one occasion, he had been selected to command the ragged army of beggars, who annually entertain the idlers of Naples with sham battles, and mock manœuvres in the military art. The remarkable traits in the career of Masaniello—to which it would not be difficult to find a "counterfeit presentment" without going to France or England—are, 1st, that he was instigated to stir up the revolution which he afterwards headed, not by patriotism or any of those feelings "that make ambition virtue," but solely by the desire to revenge an imagined insult to his beautiful wife. 2ndly—that the first act of his power was to cut off the heads of about sixty incumbents of office, to make room for his co-labourers in the pleasant work of reform:—in this plan of decapitation, Masaniello acted from motives of christian benevolence, in which he has not been imitated; he wisely argued that it was more merciful to take the life, than, saving that, to take the means whereby that life was nourished. 3dly—that he compared himself to the greatest and best of men, and actually called himself a "second Moses." 4thly—that he delivered very sensible discourses, professed the most popular sentiments, recommended moderation and forbearance, and the next moment contradicted them all by the folly and extravagance of his actions: like the reprobate preacher, his example and his precepts, his conduct and professions, were at perpetual variance.

Lastly, his reign was but a four days' wonder; at the end of that period, the people grew sick of the follies of their idol, and poor Masaniello became the victim of popular detestation, as blind in its fury, as the infatuation which had raised him, to a place for which he was not fitted.

**THE WINTER'S TALE.** There is something very specious in the arguments, by which Walpole endeavours to prove, that this play ought to be considered as historical, and as intended by Shakspeare to compliment queen Elizabeth by an indirect apology for her mother Anne Boleyn. But it is hardly conceivable, if such had been the fact, that Shakspeare would have left it to conjecture; for though he might have been restrained by delicacy towards his royal mistress, from withdrawing the veil during her lifetime, that motive ceased at her death, and the bard outlived her thirteen years. It is not at all probable, that such an idea, had there been good grounds for it, would have escaped the numerous critics and commentators of Shakspeare, at whose supposed want of acumen Mr. Walpole sneers with so much self complacence. Besides, if Shakspeare really intended this play as a sequel to Henry the Eighth, as Mr. Walpole asserts, the "indirect apology for her mother," instead of being a compliment, was a direct insult, to Elizabeth;—for nobody doubted her legitimacy, or ever suspected the conjugal fidelity of Anne Boleyn. Even Henry himself, however he might have affected in the first instance to give ear to suspicion, the moment his boisterous passions were allayed by her death and his after marriage, was willing enough to believe that she had been faithful, and that Elizabeth was his child. Nobody ever dared to revive the slander, and why should Shakspeare have thought a defence of Anne Boleyn's innocence necessary, or that recurring to the long refuted calumny could be taken by Elizabeth as a compliment?—In supposing the general plan of the story to be applicable, Mr. Walpole has permitted an undue partiality for his own hypothesis to mislead his judgment; and when he asserts that several passages are so marked, that they touch the real history nearer than the fable, he forgets that all the passages so marked, which he cites, are nothing more than proverbs, and therefore no more applicable to the story of Anne Boleyn, than

to that of any other woman under similar circumstances.—After all that Walpole has said, I see no reason to doubt, that the “Winter’s Tale” was a mere fable, taken as Dr. Johnson affirms from a novel then extant. Warburton thinks it one of Shakspeare’s best plays, in point of sentiment and character.

FICTION. A practice has began lately to prevail among the English journalists, which I think cannot be too severely reprobated. In their eagerness to cater for the depraved and pampered taste of the public, they lose sight of what is due to truth and decency, and employ numerous gazetteers to manufacture tales of distress and horror, which are communicated to their readers under all the imposing circumstances and details of heart rending reality. This is interfering improperly with the peculiar privileges of the novelist, whose stories, however horrible and harrowing, carry with them a relief, in the acknowledgment that they are purely imaginary, or at the worst founded upon some long past event of history. And besides, these story tellers have not the excuse of the novelists, that their fictions are designed to teach a moral—they pretend to no such object, but set down coolly to fabricate a minute account of the symptoms and sufferings of some melancholy case of hydrophobia, or other incurable malady, giving dates and names of persons and places, with all the solemnity and accuracy of a medical report—and all with no other design than to play upon the sensibilities of the reader, while they earn their own dinner. There is real misery enough in the world, without resorting to this species of fiction to increase our anxieties and troubles. E.

THE FAIR QUAKERS.—They are certainly a dangerous sect. There is more peril to be encountered beneath one of their coal box drab bonnets, than in all the eyes that ever shone through artificial flowers. The coquetish simplicity of dress, its perfect neatness, so emblematic of purity, that latent smile just sufficient to dimple the cheek, without uttering a sound, and, above all, the snow white stocking fitted exactly to the foot that cannot be concealed, have a witchery about them, which we are sure never entered into the contemplation of the good and honest Penn.

For the National Magazine.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

Brilliant and beautiful!—How can it be  
That in thy radiant eye there is no light,  
Upon thy cheek, no smile.—I little deem'd  
At our last parting, when thy cheering voice  
Breath'd the soul's harmony, what shadowy form  
Then stood between us,—and with icy dart  
Wrote "*ye shall meet no more.*"—I little deem'd  
That thy elastic step, Death's darken'd vale  
Would tread before me.—Friend!—I shrink to say  
Farewell to thee.—In Youth's unclouded morn  
We gaze on Friendship as a glorious flower,  
And wear it for our pleasure, or our pride.—  
But when the stern realities of life  
Do crush the wings of Fancy,—and wild storms  
Rack the heart's cordage, it benignly breathes  
A strengthening essence, and a holy power,  
Next to the hope of heaven.—Such was *thy* love,  
Departed and deplor'd.—

—Talents were thine  
Lofty, and bright,—the subtle shaft of Wit,  
And that keen glance of intellect which scans  
Intuitive, the slight and latent springs  
Of human action.—Yet such meek regard  
For other's feelings,—such a simple grace  
And guilelessness of purpose,—such respect  
To woman's humblest duties, sweetly mix'd  
And temper'd these high gifts, that every heart  
Which fear'd their splendour, lov'd their goodness too.—

—Methinks, beneath yon towering cliffs I see  
The home that gave thee birth.—Its cheerful halls  
Put on the garb of mourning.—Sad and lone  
Are they who nurs'd thy virtues, and beheld  
Their bright expansion through each ripening year.—  
To them, the sacred name of *daughter* blent  
All images of comforter and friend,



The fire-side charmer, and the nurse of pain,  
Eyes to the blind, and to the weary, wings.—

—What shall console their sorrow?—Time's slow hand  
May paralyze the pang,—but God alone  
Healeth a wound like their's.—At rising morn,  
When on their sadden'd eye that filial smile  
No longer beams, or at the hush of eve  
When the expected step,—the treasur'd tone  
Returns no more in musick, still they strive  
Their beautiful, their cherish'd one to view  
Amid the seraph band, with tuneful harp  
Forever hymning her Redeemer's praise.—

—But Grief will claim its tear, tho' Faith sublime  
Reprove the weakness.—Yet so frail are we,  
So like the brief ephemeron that wheels  
Its momentary round, we scarce can weep  
O'er our bereavements, ere in haste we share  
The clay with those we love.—A point divides  
Our sigh of mourning, from our sob of death.—

—We to the mouldering multitude go down,  
And all our anxious thoughts, our fever'd hopes,  
The sorrowing burdens of our pilgrimage  
In deep oblivion rest.—Then let the woe's  
And joys of Earth, be to the deathless soul,  
Like the swept dew-drop from the Eagle's wing,  
When he awakes in strength, and sunward soars.

II.

*Hartford, 1831.*

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*To the Editress of the Lady's Emporium.*

I do not know whether my eyes are blue or not. If they are *blue* you can have no objection to them. That there is some controversy as to their color you may perceive from the two pieces of rhyme, given below.—They come respectively from two gentlemen, to whom the power of uttering a decent compliment was denied, and who were dared to attempt one:

Your eyes my dear were meant to stand  
In yonder bright and starry band—

They miss'd their place and came below,  
 To this dark spot of sin and woe—  
 But coming freshly from the skies  
 They could not be a mortal's eyes—  
 And thus their pow'r has been given  
 To something like them, born of heav'n;  
 They stay'd but long enough on high  
 To catch the bright and azure dye.

Your eyes have not the hue of heav'n  
 Which look so *blue above*,  
 But Oh! indeed to them are given  
 The brightest tints of love—  
 They needed not the heav'nly hue  
 To speak their heav'nly birth,  
 The angel glance, that all may view—  
 Proclaim them not of earth.

The power was properly denied.

E.

For the National Magazine.

## REMAINS OF NAPOLEON.

*The following Lines were suggested by the contemplated removal of the remains of Napoleon.*

The eagle, bird of peerless flight,  
 His pinions weary, stiff,  
 Would yield the boon of life and might  
 Upon the tallest cliff.

Then bear your conqu'ror from the vale,  
 If e'en on Hel'na's steep,  
 Ye give his ashes to the gale,  
 That's rushing o'er the deep.

Or follow him in glory's track  
 Though dim his latest hour,

And bear him to your kingdom back  
His field of pride and pow'r.

There bid the daring warrior bow  
His head with laurel crown'd,  
To mark how chang'd that haughtier brow  
That Fame so proudly bound.

With trumpet voice the monarchs call  
That felt his fearful charm,  
And when they look beneath the pall  
Say '*twas* that vengeful arm.

Go bid aspiring spirits press  
From North and East and West,  
To learn what dregs of bitterness  
Can fill ambition's breast.

Call distant nations, all who bleed  
On far-off isles and seas,  
Yea, all that follow, all that lead,  
And ask them things like these.

When Heav'n's own clarion sounds afar,  
To call the sons of men  
Where laurels nor escutcheons are,  
Who'd be a conqueror then?

What victor starting from the shade  
Of proudly sculptured stone,  
Would tell his God of havoc made,  
Of deeds his sword had done?

Then place his flag beside his dust  
And sound it o'er the world,  
That ev'ry blood-bright banner must  
By Death's strong hand be furl'd.

H. AILEMA.

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From the "Atlantic Souvenir," for 1831.

## THE PASSION FLOWER.

BY J. H. BRIGHT.

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After the crucifixion of their Lord, the eleven disciples retired to one of the mountains about Jerusalem, where they remained all night. In the morning, they discovered a flower before unknown to them, which, from its singular conformation and mysterious appearance, they denominated the Passion Flower.

*Letter from Palestine.*

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Gone was the glory of Judea's crown,  
And quench'd that promis'd star,  
Before whose light the nations should fall down,  
And worship from afar.

And night came over Judah; deeper gloom  
Shadow'd that feeble throng,  
That now to Carmel, from the Saviour's tomb,  
Wound mournfully along.

Through the long, moonless hours they linger'd there,  
Wet by the dews of Even,  
And, on the viewless pinions of the air,  
Their prayers went up to Heaven.

And even, when the shifting breezes stir'd  
The pliant boughs of palm,  
Or nestled in her tree th' unquiet bird,  
Breaking the midnight calm,

Their quick ears caught the melancholy sound,  
And a dejected eye  
Amid the deepen'd shadows wander'd round  
As if the Lord drew nigh.

And then upon their aching sense would press  
That loud, unearthly cry,  
Wrung from their master in his last distress  
Of mortal agony.—

Morn glow'd upon the mountain; strange bright flowers,  
Like diamonds chased in gold,  
That ne'er before had shone in fields or bowers,  
Their mystic leaves unfold.

And in each blossom, lo! the cross appears,  
The thorny coronal,  
The nails, the pillar, and the Roman spears;  
A glory circling all.

Then, sacred flower! their grief was changed to praise,  
And drooping sorrow fled;  
Since he who bade thee bloom, they knew, could raise  
Their Saviour from the dead.

Three days within the grave's unbroken gloom,  
The hope of Israel slept,  
Three mournful days around his guarded tomb  
The holy watch was kept.

And from that hour, where'er thy buds expand,  
Thou art of flowers the pride,  
And, nature's witness to all time, dost stand,  
Of him the crucified.

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For the National Magazine.

## THE SHOSHONEE VALLEY;

A ROMANCE.—*By the author of Francis Berrian*—2 vols. 12mo.

Cincinnati—E. H. FLINT—1830.

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Continued from No. 3—and Concluded.

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The second volume of the work, upon which scarcely a notice that we have seen has touched, is, in our estimation, far the most interesting of the two. The self-sacrifice, and the verses occasioned by it, the wild original and strong painting of the ocean scenery, and the second abduction of Jessy, with the island of Ostroklotz and its castle—an island and a castle before

unsung—may be instanced as striking characteristics of the volume, and appropriate specimens of the author's powers.—A most spirit-stirring scene is the deliverance of Jessy and Katrina from their island-prison by Areskoui and his party. An attempt to abridge would only mar.—To be understood it must be read entire.—We ask permission to quote but two passages more.—The first describes the self-immolation of Areskoui :—

“He stood himself a step in advance of Jessy, who also stood; and he was looking apparently in profound thought, upon the bosom of the blue lake. A firm and composed serenity sat on his countenance. In an under tone the entering party remarked upon the extreme beauty of the evening. Half of the red disk of the sun yet shone above the highest western peaks. The beautiful lake, as a sleeping mirror, five hundred feet below, reflected the half of the sun's orb, the evening clouds of brass and crimson, that curtailed his departure behind the blue summits. The green forests, the moon in the east, the sweet rural scenery, grouped with mountain grandeur, all showed more glorious in the far depths, than as they stood forth in the air! The Shoshonee smokes curled above their habitations, and then spread in horizontal curtains of ethereal whiteness. The baying of the dogs and the thousand domestic sounds of life brought up associations of repose and joy. The pines and hemlocks lifted their dark green heads in motionless quietness, as if waiting to tremble in the evening breeze. The council house was in full view, and Ellswatta and his council-chiefs could be seen on their benches, as dusky specks; and it was easy to imagine, that the eye caught the smoke rising from their calumets. The turtles cooed at hand. The night hawk darted down the clouds with its accustomed scream. Song-sparrows and orioles were discussing their vespers, before they rested in the green brake for the night. Every object was lovely; and Nature showed in that holy repose, which invites meditation. ‘How lovely this evening,’ cried Elder Wood, ‘the scene calls on us for our praises to God. Nature in its devotional silence praises Him. Let us sing ‘Rise my soul,’ and he was proceeding to give out his accustomed hymn. ‘Not now,’ said Areskoui, ‘not now.’ They saw him attempting to speak, and witnessed the new spectacle, that his eyes were filled with tears. But as if summoning dis-

dain, and all his former energy to his aid, he dashed them from his eye. In a moment they saw him self-possessed again. He waved his hand to the other three, and said 'My words now, medicine-father, are for thee. Father, seest thou this still evening and yonder fair valley? Is it not as if the Master of Life had come upon the scene, bringing joy and peace? How beautiful are the clouds in the sky? and how quiet is every thing but this beating breast? But yonder, in the depths of the blue lake, is a world still more beautiful. There are the green trees, the mountains, the scaling eagle, the skimming swallow; and there, too, is Wakona—still brighter than here. How beautiful! Thither flies away to remain in shadow all that is pleasant above. There on those hills, the spirit, which has here been imprisoned, can soar again, and look at the sun, which has left us behind the hills. The spirit of Areskoui longs to become, as yonder eagle.' The three, still unconscious of his purpose approached him, as if startled at the strangeness of his discourse. He waved his hand to them, that his speech was still to Elder Wood. 'Father,' he resumed, 'remember my charge. Repair to Ellswatta with thy good medicine words about the land of souls. Tell my parents that they have said to Areskoui more than once, 'thy forefathers were all braves.' More than one of them, when sick at heart, determined to visit the Master of Life in the sunless valley. I am the end of this line of braves. True—but the leaves wither, the flowers fade. Winter comes. Is it strange, that a line of braves should have an end? Areskoui should have been as his forefathers. His heart, struck by the Master of Life, withered, and he could no longer hope to be a brave. It will cheer my parents to know, that I had firmness for the last time before my heart was all melted away. I swear to the Master of Life, I will not remain, to be as a feeble, and despised woman. I go to soar with the eagle and to look at the sun. Wakona there in the depths, shall at last be mine.' Astonished at his language, Jessy, Katrina and Frederic each grasped his robe at the same moment. It was spread loosely over his shoulder, and his usual dress a close silk tunic. He gracefully folded his robe, laid it on the arm of Jessy, and with the quickness of thought poised his hands, bent forward his head and darted down the depths like an arrow discharged from a bow.



The eye scarcely traced his passage down the dizzying depths, when the faint plunge was heard, and the disturbed ripples were settling back to repose." *Vol. 2, pp. 220. 223.*

The last extract which we give is taken from the closing scene of the work, and is, in our view, a passage of intense pathos and power.

"It was one of those impressive seasons, when right words carry a thrill of unutterable feeling through the frame. As though the Author of Nature had accorded an answer of peace to these earnest prayers on the great deep, the breeze which freshened a moment before, had lulled to a dead calm; and the ship seemed as still as if anchored on the unfathomable waters. The joyful cry, *land! land!* was heard from the shrouds! and the mingled perfumes from the flowers of that near and sunny shore floated on their senses an atmosphere of aroma. Jessy sat perfectly composed, looking upon the unruffled mirror, sparkling with stars. Katrina arose. 'Gentlemen' she said, 'it is late.—We need rest to prepare us for the bustle of landing to-morrow. Remember that our dear Jessy is an invalid. It is high time for her to retire. You must give the example; for, while you sit there, we are reluctant to retire to our berths.' 'She is right,' replied Jessy calmly. She shook hands with Frederic, saying cheerfully, '*bon soir, mon ami; et demain nous serons en joie.*' She sat at the moment, in her wonted position, as they retired, leaning against the taffrail, alternately casting her eyes from the stars above to the depths below, in which the firmament was beautifully repainted. She complained of thirst; and requested Katrina to follow the gentlemen, and order her a glass of water, in a tone of such perfect composure, as left the affectionate girl joyfully assured, that her paroxysm had passed away. In three minutes she returned with the water. Jessy had disappeared. A single piercing scream brought the ship's company on deck. Katrina had fallen, fainting. To attempt to describe the scene that ensued, would be equally painful and hopeless. Lamps, candles, pitch, and splinters of pitch pine were kindled in a moment, and threw a portentous glare upon the calm cerulean—and the ship would have shone at a distance, as in a conflagration. Coops, casks, planks were thrown overboard; ropes and boats were

lowered. Every person on board, who could swim was in the water. Frederic was among them diving to such a depth and remaining so long beneath the water, that when he rose, the blood gushed from his nostrils. When Katrina recovered from her first faintness, it was to utter such agonizing shrieks, to save her sister, as chilled the heart. Elder Wood was at first transported utterly beyond the precept and habit of Christian submission and endurance. 'My daughter! My dear lost daughter,' he cried. 'I could have borne every thing, but this.' Old, and unused to swimming as he was, he escaped from the friends, who attempted to hold him, and he also was in the sea. Not a breath ruffled the mirror-surface, that showed of transparent purple. Twenty persons were diving in the depths, through which the eye traced the cones of light, from the glare on board, in all directions from the ship, to almost fathomless distances. Innumerable fishes were pursuing their ocean play, as though it were no concern of theirs, that a fair maiden had gone down breathless to their deepest retreats. The white anemonies, like numberless shooting stars in the water, were performing their quick contractions and expansions in their uninterrupted sports. A mote might be traced in the pale green element at immense depths. It was in vain, that Katrina continued to cry, 'Oh! save my sister,' as though her heart were bursting. It was in vain, that Elder Wood, taken up in a boat, when well nigh drowned, groaned, and scattered his hairs into the sea, exclaiming, 'all else I could have borne.' It was in vain, that Frederic exhausted himself in effectual struggles to force the mysterious element to give up its dead. It was to no purpose that he made spasmodic efforts to escape from his kind keepers that he might spring overboard again. It was in vain, that the heart-rending cry arose from various points, find her! oh! find her. Mark where she rises! To whatever extent the vision of the swimmers could extend through the pellucid element, her brilliant eye, glistening through the wave, her glossy tresses floating from her neck, her beautiful form—were no where to be seen. The voice of music was mute. The heart of unutterable tenderness had imparted its warmth to the waters. She had gone down beyond the power of imagination to follow, or find her.

All further hope of renewed communion with the loved and lost, must now rest on the resurrection morning. Two hours had been spent in these unavailing efforts. A strong breze then arose from the direction of the sea. However the agonized friends of the lost one wished still to linger on the fatal spot, there was no anchorage, and the ship was rapidly driven towards the shore." *Vol. 2, pp. 258. 261.*

## THE INDIANS.

"I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just: that his justice cannot sleep forever."

JEFFERSON.

In contemplating the history and condition of our country, there are two dark and ominous spirits that forever rise upon our mental vision, to check the pride and exultation which we might otherwise justly feel. The legalized existence of slavery among us, in its most odious and revolting form; and the ungenerous, not to say unjust and merciless, treatment which the comparatively defenceless aborigenes of the soil have received at our hands, are blots upon the fair page of our history, which no degree of prosperity, no renown, no glories can hide. Under a government that professes to be founded upon the principle, that all men are born free and equal, and that liberty is an unalienable right, human beings are still bought and sold: and while, in our intercourse with the powerful and enlightened nations of the old world, we lay claim to a character of sturdy honesty, and downright republican plain dealing, our negotiations with the "poor untutored Indian" are marked with all the refined cunning and heartlessness of diplomacy. It is impossible that religion and humanity, however ardent the patriotism that may be united with them, can view these stains upon the escutcheon of our country, without emotions of deep regret and humiliation. The first is an inconsistency so glaring, so much at war with all our most cherished feelings and doctrines, that even the sternest necessity can hardly excuse it: but what shall we say of the last? which has not the plea of necessity to palliate it, and which is not less hostile to the spirit which should animate a brave and chivalric people.

We are perfectly aware that all declamation upon the first subject, would be worse than useless; nor are we disposed to waste our breath in talking to the winds. But with regard to the Indians, the feeblest voice may yet be heard; it is at least not yet too late to make the effort. Another, and probably the last, opportunity, is at this moment afforded to the citizens of the United States, to make some atonement for the wrongs, which have been heaped upon this brave but ill-fated race—if, indeed, that can be called atonement, which would be a mere refusal to countenance an act of injustice and cruelty.

The determination of the State of Georgia, deliberately expressed through her legislature, to seize upon the territories of a free and independent people, and divide them by lottery among her own citizens—coupled as it is with the declaration of the President of the United States, that he will not interfere even so much in their behalf as to cause the laws of the Union to be respected—is an incident, which, viewed in all its lights, is wholly without example, in the history of mankind. The devastation of a Palatinate by the orders of one tyrant, and the partition of an independent kingdom by another, called forth the unqualified indignation of all christendom, though some plausible excuses might have been urged in palliation, in both cases. But here, in a period of profound peace, in a free and civilized nation professing to be governed not only by the law of nations but by the dictates of a mild and merciful religion, a whole community, peaceably engaged in cultivating all the arts, and held together by all the ties and affections, of civilized life, are about to be driven from their homes and firesides, or exterminated, without a single pretext under heaven assigned, or assignable,—except, that their lands are valuable and worth coveting!—Surely, if a violation, so flagrant and wanton, of the laws of God and the rights of man—an exercise of power, so despotic and rapacious—is to receive the countenance of the government of our country, we should make up our minds to be silent forever afterwards, with respect to the aggressions and cruelties of the despots of other lands. We shall equal, if not surpass, the guilt of any sceptred tyrant, legitimate or illegitimate, and forfeit all claim to the watchful guardianship of heaven over our own rights and liberties.

Even if the individuals, who are to be the subjects of this outrage, were a tribe of the most intractable and turbulent savages, the injustice would be equally great, though the cruelty might be less. But they are in fact, an enlightened and civilized people, as far advanced in the arts and refinements of life as the inhabitants of many parts of our acknowledged union, and much more so than a majority of the European peasantry. They have succeeded in resisting the allurements to degrading and destructive vices, which are so sedulously and artfully held in the way of the red man by his christian brother, and which have so often been made not only an excuse for aggression, but a means of extermination more effectual than fire and sword. Indeed, their chief offence is, that they have resolutely imitated the better part of our character and habits, and become worthy of a rank among civilized communities. They have long since abandoned a roving and predatory life, and become industrious and peaceable cultivators of the soil, tradesmen and mechanics. They worship the same God, and in the same manner that we do, and considering the difficulties and discouragements against which they have had to contend, the progress of science and literature among them is almost miraculous,—and in many of them, such as might well call a blush into the cheek of our most distinguished men, when brought into comparison with them. Above all, they have families—wives and children,—and all those domestic relations, which render even voluntary expatriation sad and painful, but which must add a tenfold bitterness to a violent expulsion from the hearths around which they were formed.

The argument, that “many thousands of our own people would gladly embrace” the condition offered to these Indians, would be ridiculous, even admitting the assertion it involves to be true. A criminal sentenced to be hanged “would gladly embrace” the offer of imprisonment in a dungeon, for a term of years, as a milder punishment; but would that justify the imprisonment of an individual who had committed no offence?—Those of our citizens who emigrate to the West, do so as a matter of choice: but these Indians are already contented where they are. Their honesty, industry and enterprise, will secure them all those advantages, in the territory which they now occupy, which the poor emigrant from the seaboard hopes to realize, after

many years of danger and hardship, in the fertile regions of the West. Have we a right to reduce a whole community to a level with the most destitute of our own population? The absurdity of this reasoning, and the gross inconsistency of the insinuation that these Indians are "wandering savages," are equally derogatory to the individual who employs them:—an individual whose exultation at the successful extermination of a whole tribe, men, women, and children, stands upon record from his own pen, one who has already more Indian blood to answer for, than any other since the days of Cortez and Pizarro, and who would feign impose upon us the belief, that "no one can entertain a more friendly feeling towards them," than he does!—Can this individual "reflect that God is just, that his justice cannot sleep forever?"

It has been said, by some of the writers upon the teemful subject of Indian wrongs, that the invaders and settlers of this country have less to answer for than those of the rest of the continent. This is more specious than true; at least, the assertion must appear doubtful, when we consider the fact, that the aborigines are very nearly annihilated within our limits, while, among all the other nations of America, they form a very large component part, and in some cases a majority, of the population. We may not have committed such barefaced and deliberate violations of justice, as did the Spaniards and Portuguese; but the result of our treatment has been far more disastrous to the poor Indians. The Spaniards seized upon their lands, boldly and without compunction, as a right of conquest: we purchased them—but how? for the most part, with poison—with rum, whiskey, fire arms, gunpowder, and all the elements of destruction. All that has been given in exchange for a mighty empire, in beads, buttons, and other trash, would not purchase the present freeholds of many of its inhabitants; while its ancient population have disappeared before the *march of civilization*, as if war, pestilence and famine formed its necessary train. Such have been the consequences of our pretending to *treat* with the Indians upon a footing of equality—as if there could be *equality*, between the ignorant and the enlightened, the armed and the unarmed!—We did not cheat them: but we suffered them to cheat themselves. We did not murder them: but we enticed

them into the path that led to death. The Spaniards, on the other hand, without any boast or professions of justice or humanity, treated the natives of the land they seized as they did the brute animals of the same soil, slaughtered them wherever they were intractable or refractory ; but, for their own sakes, they used every effort to tame and preserve them. The event has proved, that their cruelty was more merciful than our kindness.

It has been affirmed, that the Indians are incapable of being civilized. Our mode of conducting the experiment, has not been exactly calculated to determine the fact. Here, however, is a body of them,—our allusion cannot be mistaken—who have civilized themselves, who have established a regular government, who have entitled themselves to be called a nation, as independent, as worthy of the sympathies of men and the protection of the Almighty, as we ourselves. Merciful God ! and are these the beings whom we consign to the lawless arm of power, whom we turn over as a prey to the unhallowed rapacity of land speculators !—In the name of consistency and self-respect, in the name of justice and humanity—if such virtues be still left in our land—we call upon the constituted authorities, to save us from this irretrievable depth of degradation ; we call upon them, to seize this last chance of redeeming the public honor, of preserving the national integrity, of making the only expiation now in their power, for the accumulated wrongs inflicted on a free, sovereign, peaceful and defenceless people.

Mr. Jefferson, in a letter to Gen. Knox, Secretary of War, on the subject of Indian Rights, dated Philadelphia, August 10th, 1791, declares:—

*“The Indians have a right to the occupation of their Lands independent of the State within whose chartered lines they happen to be ; that until they cede them by treaty or other transaction equivalent to a treaty, no act of a State can give a right to such lands ; that neither under the present Constitution, nor the ancient confederation, had any state or person a right to treat with the Indians without the consent of the General Government ; that the Government is determined to extend all its energy for the patronage and protection of the rights of the Indians ; and that if any settlements are made on lands not ceded by them, without the previous consent of the United States, the Government will think itself bound, not*



only to declare to the Indians that such settlements are without the authority or protection of the United States, *but to remove them also by the public force.*" *Jefferson, 3d vol. p. 201.*

AGAIN.—In 1790, General Washington delivered a speech to the Seneca Indians, signed with his own hand, and sealed with the great seal of the United States, in which he makes use of the following language: "In future you cannot be defrauded of your lands. You possess the *right to sell*, and the *right of refusing to sell* your lands. The United States will be true and faithful to its engagements"—

Selected.

## NAPOLEON AND HIS ARMY.

Oh, such a day,  
So fought, so followed, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes!

SHAKESPEARE.

THE French army, at the opening of this short and disastrous campaign, amounted, by the best accounts, to upwards of 150,000 men. Of this number 25,000 were cavalry, and 7,500 artillery, composed of veteran troops, with a park of three hundred pieces: in splendid *matériel* and military equipment it had never been surpassed.

Although Buonaparte commenced offensive operations only on the 14th, the night of the 18th left him without an army; and a campaign of four days' duration had closed his martial career. Of that magnificent force, with which he had crossed the frontier in all the exultation of anticipated victory, what re-entered France?—straggling bands of heartless fugitives, cavalry without horses, and infantry without either clothes or arms. The cannon remained with the conquerors, and the ruins of the proud corps which had so lately left Philipville and Avesnes, returned to these points of reunion in such a state of disorganization, as clearly showed their amazed countrymen how complete the defeat of Waterloo had been.

When Napoleon's last hope, the old guard, was broken, his face became deadly pale; and retiring a short distance from the place he occupied during the final attack, he saw the British cavalry mixing in the crowd, and completing its destruction. Turning to his staff, he exclaimed—"A

présent c'est fini:—sauvons nous;”—and galloped off towards Charleroi, accompanied by his aids-de-camp and guide.

He reached Genappe at half past nine; and here his flight was so materially retarded, as to render his chance of escape more than doubtful. The single street which forms the village was already crowded with fugitives, and was almost impassable from the equipages, cannon, and caissons, which, from the terror of the drivers, had been either overturned on the causeway, or been so confused with each other as to become inextricable. Through the wreck of his artillery he at last effected a passage, and hurrying on to Quatre-Bras, proceeded with great rapidity. There was another bridge across the river, with which Da Costa was unacquainted, and thus from the ignorance of his conductor, Napoleon was directed to the defile of Genappe, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He seemed fully aware of his critical situation, and dreaded to find the Prussians before him at Quatre-Bras, or hear the bugles of their light cavalry in his rear. At Gossillies, however, he recovered his tranquillity; and dismounting from his horse, proceeded on foot to Charleroi. He passed through that town without delay, and continued his flight to the meadow of Marcinelle, on the road to Paris, and there he halted with his staff.

His attendants pitched a tent upon the green, and lighted a fire. A sack of corn was loosely thrown on the ground, and the jaded horses of the fugitive group were permitted to refresh themselves. Wine and food having been procured, Napoleon partook of both; and this was the first nourishment he had received since he had breakfasted at eight o'clock at the farmhouse of Bossu.

From the moment he left his last position in front of Belle Alliance, till he rested at the bridge of Marcinelle, he preserved a gloomy silence. The observations of his staff when obstacles occurred upon the road, had been noticed by a sullen reply; but now standing with his back to the fire, and his hands in their customary position behind his back, he conversed freely with his aids-de-camp. About two in the morning he called for his horse; his staff immediately mounted theirs, and Bertrand having procured a fresh guide, dismissed the Belgic peasant, Da Costa, and presenting him with a single Napoleon, left him on foot to find his way back as he best could.

Absurd stories have been circulated, imputing pusillanimity to Napoleon during the battle of Mont St. Jean. No charge could be more ridiculous and unfounded. The evidence of Da Costa sufficiently proves that Buonaparte was frequently exposed to imminent peril; and that throughout the day, in all the fluctuations of the battle, he manifested a calm and collected demeanor, which evinced disregard for personal danger; his

dispositions were clearly and deliberately made, and his orders issued as coolly as if he directed a review. Frequently the gallantry of the British elicited his warmest admiration. "How steadily those infantry take their ground! how splendidly the cavalry form!—*Quelles braves troupes!*" And as the chasms made in the squares by his artillery were coolly and rapidly filled up, he was heard to exclaim, with unfeigned delight, "*Comme ils se travaillent! très bien, braves troupes, très bien!*"

When his guide, terrified by the storm of bullets which whistled over them, betrayed his uneasiness, "Be steady, my friend," said Napoleon calmly, "a ball will find the back as readily as it will the front;" and pulling out his snuff-box, presented it to his trembling companion. Surely, then, the man who could examine an enemy's movements under a heavy fire, and coolly express his admiration, who could remark a defective cannon\* in a battery, and in person with his own hands adjust its range; and could combat the terrors of a peasant, while a storm of shot fell round them;—to tax the courage of this man, must proceed alone from malignant motives, or absolute fatuity.

From the meadow of Marcinelle, Buonaparte hurried on to Paris. He arrived in the capital late in the evening of the 20th, and remained in great retirement until he finally left the city.

If the bravery of the British army could be enhanced by any circumstances connected with the battle of Waterloo, other than its victory, it would arise from the matchless intrepidity of the troops they had defeated. Wellington has borne honorable testimony to the gallantry of his opponents; and many individual instances are recorded of enthusiastic attachment to Napoleon, and a devotion to his person, which neither sufferings nor defeat could overcome.

The efforts of the French cavalry are described by British officers to have been throughout the conflict "unparalleled."—"They swept along the whole line of our artillery, and passing fearlessly among the squares, received the fire of the guns and the musketry of the infantry. Failing of success, after brave but fruitless efforts, they were forced to retire, followed by the British horse pell-mell."

Again, another officer continues—"The repeated charges of the enemy's noble cavalry were similar to the first; each was fruitless; not an infantryman moved; and on each charge, abandoning their guns, our artillery-men sheltered themselves between the flanks of the squares. Twice, howev-

\* "Here there was on each side of the road a battery, and perceiving that one of the cannons on the left battery did not play well, he dismounted, ascended to the height of the road, advanced to the third piece, and rectified the error while the bullets were hissing around him."—*Da Costa's Narrative*.

er, the enemy tried to charge in front: these attempts were entirely frustrated by the fire of our guns, wisely reserved till the hostile squadrons were within twenty yards of the muzzles."

The final charge is thus described. "This brigade (horse artillery), about the close of the day, was stationed on the right of our guards commanded by Captain Napier, after Captain Bolton's fall, when the imperial guards, led on by Marshal Ney, about half past seven o'clock, made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions, nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns. Orders were given to load with canister-shot; and literally five rounds were fired from each gun, with this destructive species of shot, before they showed the least symptom of giving away."

Nor was the desperate courage of the celebrated guard of Napoleon superior to that of his heavy cavalry. "The cuirassiers\* often walked their horses on all sides of a square, to find an opening through which they might penetrate. Sometimes, with a degree of courage worthy of admiration, a few of them would ride out of the ranks and fire their pistols at our men and officers, hoping to provoke a return of fire from the face of the square, which would have rendered it an easy prey."

Another anecdote is mentioned by the same author. "So rapid and impetuous were the assaults of the cavalry, that our guns were frequently in their possession, the artillery-men being forced to seek shelter in the squares behind. But the well-directed fire of the infantry, and charges of the cavalry, who rushed forward at every opportunity, prevented them from ever removing any of the cannon.

"On one occasion, the activity of two artillery officers enabled a single gun to do much execution. As often as the enemy's squadrons retired, these officers, issuing from the square, loaded and fired the gun, which was sure to destroy six or eight. This manœuvre was repeated several times, when the French officer (a colonel of cuirassiers) who commanded the corps, by a noble act of self-devotion, saved his men from at least one discharge. As the squadron recoiled, he placed himself singly by the piece, and waved his sword as if to defy any to approach it. He was killed by a Brunswick rifleman."

A still stronger instance of personal attachment is taken from the letter of a commissary.† "We have picked up several wounded. I cannot omit a circumstance which occurred yesterday; while on the field among the wounded, we discovered a French soldier most dreadfully cut down

\* Mudford's History Account, &c.

† Booth's Narrative.

the face, and one of his legs broken by a musket ball. Common humanity induced me to offer him assistance: he eagerly requested some drink: having a flask of weak gin-and-water I had taken purposely for the wounded, I gave it him, and could not help observing how many thousands had suffered for the ambition of one man. He returned me the flask, and looking with a savage pride on the dead bodies that lay in heaps around him, he cried as strongly as his weakness would allow him, 'Vive Napoleon! la gloire de la France!' "

Surely when such heroism was displayed in the field, and such enthusiasm in the agonies of death, it should be Wellington's proudest boast that he beat the man who could excite, and the army that could exhibit, this desperate devotion!

The news of the disastrous field of Mont Saint Jean reached the French capital with extraordinary despatch. Bad as it was in reality, rumour had added to its extent. Grouchy's corps was said to be surrounded beyond the chance of extrication; and no hope remaining for France, as the allies were advancing by forced marches; and masking some fortresses and carrying others by assault, a few days would bring them before the gates of Paris.

When Grouchy separated from Napoleon on the morning of the 17th, his *corps d'armée* amounted to forty thousand men. His directions were to prevent a junction of the Prussians with the British. He reached Grembloux shortly after the Prussian rear-guard had left it, on their route to Wavre. Early next day (the 18th) Excelman's cavalry came up with the enemy at Baraque, and Grouchy arriving with Vandamme's division, the marshal pressed on towards Wavre, his second corps of cavalry having defeated and driven back the Prussian rear. At one o'clock the cannonade of Waterloo was distinctly heard, and Girard urged Grouchy to pass the Dyle, and leaving a corps of observation before the Prussians to march with his whole force to Napoleon's assistance. Vandamme, on the other hand, advised the marshal to press on at once for Brussels. Thus circumstanced, Grouchy allowed the day to pass in useless attempts to bring the Prussians to action; and when one of the many officers despatched to apprise him (Grouchy) of his danger, and to hurry up his *corps d'armée* to his assistance, arrived, it was six o'clock in the evening. And the time for effect was past. Grouchy crossed the Dyle at Limale; but Waterloo was already won.

On the 19th in the forenoon, the marshal learned the fatal tidings of Napoleon's defeat: his intended operations against Brussels were abandoned, and he repassed the Dyle in four divisions, by Wavre, Limale, Li-

milet, and Ottignies. That evening Excelman's cavalry reached Namur, and Grouchy joined him there next day. Although rapidly pursued and vigorously attacked, he obstinately defended Namur; and Vandamme's corps, which formed the French rear-guard, severely checked the Prussians. Grouchy retired by Dinant; and after, as acknowledged by his enemies, a masterly retreat, he brought his army to Paris in eight days, and sustained but a trifling loss.

Much obloquy has been passed on Grouchy by Napoleon and his partisans. To his delay had been attributed the loss of Waterloo. But would the marshal have been authorized, after Napoleon's direct instructions to the contrary, to leave the Dyle, and abandon the pursuit of the Prussian corps, to follow which he had been specially detached? Had he turned to the left, and, adopting Girard's advice, pushed forward without delay on the 18th, and come up to Napoleon's assistance, Waterloo might have terminated, for that day, in a drawn battle. But surely the Prussian corps would have united with Wellington during the night; and the Anglo-Prussians would have become the assailants in the morning with an army numerically superior to Napoleon's.

Without laying claim to superhuman knowledge, we may be allowed to affirm that the defeat of Buonaparte, when attacked on the 19th by the allies, would have been just as certain and decisive as it was when he assailed Wellington the previous day.

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## THE CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

### NO. III.

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" ———— I must have Liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
To blow on whom I please—"

*As You Like It.*

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***My dear Mrs. Editor :***

It is in vain to wait any longer—our neighbor, the old Bachelor, has disappointed us—he has not yet returned from your great "Monumental City;" and as he is more than a week behind his time, I really begin to fear, either that he has "tumbled in love" with some of your dashing Belles, and means to leave my dear Aunt and myself "the bag to hold," or that he has found the *conversazione* of your literary clubs so

much more agreeable than our chimney corner chit chat, that he has not courage to tear himself away. To think of his forgetting all his fine promises about the new novels!—But I am determined he shall not know, how anxiously I have been looking for him. Perhaps, after all, he does not like my corresponding with you in so pert and familiar a manner, and thinks to put a stop to it by not coming back with the new books;—if he does, he'll find himself most egregiously mistaken, I can tell him; for I *will* write—and I don't care if all the books I read for a twelvemonth, are as old as the hills, I will criticise them—so let him stay away as long as he pleases, who cares?—A fusty old Bachelor! I wonder if he does not know, that it is the fashion to review old books? Does not almost every number of the “North American” and the “American Quarterly,” contain a long article upon some work of the last century, that every body has seen, and knows as much about as the reviewers themselves? I should like to know what better right they have to rake up the ashes of the dead, and scatter them over the face of the earth, than I have just to peep into some of the urns that contain them?—It is no great while since I saw in one of the “Quarterlys”—I forget which—a long review of “Plutarch's Lives!”—This same Plutarch, my Aunt tells me, was contemporary with the emperor Trajan, and wrote his “Lives” about seventeen hundred years ago. Now, I really do not believe, there is a book in our “Circulating Library” quite so old as that—so there is no danger of my leading you deeper into the Shades, than there is good precedent for.—Besides, there is a wide difference between a *book* and a *belle*—a century operates no change in the real worth of the former, while the lapse of half that time makes terrible havoc on the charms of the latter: this I can see by contrasting the picture of my Aunt that hangs over the parlour mantel, taken when she was in the bud, with the dear old lady herself as she now sits in her cushioned chair, poking the green and singing wood, that spits at her as she tries to coax it into a blaze. Heigh ho! why should youth and beauty ever decay? It makes me sad to think of it.—I wish that old Bachelor would come back!—what can be the matter with me? I must run to my harp, and soothe “these tumults” with “*tanti palpiti*.”



To come to a few examples, for the sake of illustration.—Will all the “Great Unknown,” that ever raised the curiosity of the literary world by their *nominis umbra*, destroy the merits of Richardson, Fielding, or Smollet? In spite of fashion, and the ever-changing taste of the novel reader, what is there in the whole compass of modern composition superior to “the History of Sir Charles Grandison?”—I know I shall be laughed at by the fashionables of the day, for even mentioning such a piece of antiquity—“O that is out of date!—why it’s a hundred years old is not it?”—Pray, madam, did you ever read it? “La, no! who’d think of reading such nonsense?”—Then let me advise you to read it forthwith, and not take its character upon trust—depend upon it you will rise from its perusal improved in heart and understanding.—Lady Montague’s remark, that Richardson was unacquainted with the higher circles of society, was certainly correct. He knew nothing of the manners of the nobility, and very little of those of what is called the gentry in England: his picture of life, therefore, is anything but a copy from nature. But it would be great injustice to judge of his merits by the truth of this remark, or to criticise his productions according to the present fashionable rules of novel writing. His *Pamela*, his *Clarissa Harlowe*, and more especially his *Sir Charles Grandison*, viewed simply as novels, are dry, tedious and uninteresting. But the design of the author was more noble, more laudable, and far more honourable, than to amuse the vacant hours of the idle and the fashionable. He wrote to harmonize, and purify, and amend, the heart. The work last mentioned is a complete system of ethics, the precepts of which are agreeably enforced by a series of beautiful illustrations, in the form of incidents of domestic and social life. The didactic purpose of the writer, which if openly avowed is always irksome to that class of readers who stand most in need of instruction, is thus rendered more efficient by being less manifest; and the reader, without being aware of it, imbibes the principles of a pure morality, and learns to venerate all that is exalted and noble in human conduct. Viewed in this light, the objections which have been urged against *Sir Charles Grandison*, on the score of its being a false picture of real life, are entitled to no weight. It was not so much the author’s in-

tention to show what was, as what might be, the general character of society, under the proper restraints of religion and social obligation :—it was not so much a picture, as a model, that he designed to draw, and surely there are few who will not agree, that if all men were like Sir Charles Grandison, and all women like Harriet Byron, this would be a much pleasanter world than it is.—The letters are fine examples of epistolary ease and familiar freedom, and many of them are not surpassed in brilliancy of wit and gaiety of humour. Voluminous as the work is, every page contains something either to interest the feelings or to amuse and instruct the mind.

And again, the Novels of Miss Edgeworth—will they ever lose their power of pleasing? who can read her simple but admirable delineations of the human passions, without feeling an interest as fresh and as commanding as if they were written but yesterday, and still held their places in the drawing rooms and boudoirs of the fashionable? What is there in novelty or fashion that can obscure the charms of her powerful genius? The enchanting sweetness of her style, secures the reader against all approaches of weariness—every chapter discloses some new beauty, some added elegance or grace, each sufficient to show a genius, taste and polish, destined for more than the ephemeral life of fashion. It is not only in the interesting, delicate and finely wrought, incidents of her narrative, that this ornament of our sex excels—but in the important and difficult task of rendering these subservient to the great purpose of moral improvement.—It is impossible to read one of her novels without joining in the regret, which she herself expresses in one of them, that some title has not been invented for such works, more dignified and appropriate than the hacknied one of Novel. Under any other name, the same moral precepts, conveyed in the same elegance and beauty of language, would have placed Miss Edgeworth by the side of Steele, Addison, and Johnson.

The other evening as my aunt and myself were conversing on the subject of this regret expressed by Miss Edgeworth, she took up "Tremaine," a book which I had just read to her, and asked, "In which class would you place this, Clara?"

I would class that, my dear aunt, with Paley's "Natural Theology," and Faber's "Difficulties of Infidelity," and have them all bound together as a preface to Paley's "Evidences," which latter are in my opinion incomplete without them.—

"Incomplete, my child? I have always thought, that nothing could be more entirely satisfactory than the body of evidence collected by Paley, or more irresistible than the conclusions he draws from it. It seems to me, that the reader who could withhold conviction upon such evidence, would much better deserve to be called credulous, than one who regarded it as demonstration, for the former must necessarily believe in impossibilities and contradictions too preposterous for idiotism itself."

I beg pardon, my dear aunt—my expression was too loose, and conveyed more than I intended. I did not mean to say, that Paley's Evidences were insufficient in themselves: on the contrary, I think none but an Atheist can read them without conviction. But Mr. Paley's work is incomplete, because he supposes his readers to admit certain postulates, which none but those, who already believe in an omnipotent and omniscient Creator, will admit; and the denial of any one of his postulates, would destroy the very foundation upon which his noble superstructure is raised. Now the works I have mentioned prepare the reader for these preliminary admissions—and more especially "Tremaine," in which all that Paley supposes, is proved, as far as any thing can be proved by argument.

"I am glad that you have made this explanation, my dear Clara,—it has relieved me from an apprehension that you had not read Paley with your usual candour; but I see that you do him full justice, while you pay the highest compliment to the profound and polished author of this—miscalled—Novel."

It is unfortunate, I think, that any work upon the evidences of revelation, should ever be put forth under the discouragement of introductory *suppositions*. Many very honest seekers after truth, who would not fail to be struck with the force of Mr. Paley's lucid historical summary, are deterred from entering upon it, by the long array of suppositions which meet them at the threshold.—

"But, my dear Clara, they are suppositions that every reader must grant without a moment's hesitation."

No, my dear Aunt,—the very fact that he puts them as *suppositions*, is enough to startle those who have not dwelt long and deeply on the grounds of natural religion, and its insufficiency to satisfy the eager and insatiable appetite of the mind for enquiry. Having been convinced, by all that we see around us, of the existence of an omnipotent creator, perhaps too, of his omnipresence and omniscience, our minds are insensibly led to add a thousand other attributes, many of which seem inconsistent and contradictory, viewing the *purpose* of creation as ended here. But all beyond the present term of existence eludes the most anxious search—in vain we look into the mysteries of nature—in vain we form acquaintance with other planets, and explore the secrets of other systems: we see nothing, hear nothing, to repress our inextinguishable ardour to gain still further knowledge. The mind, unsatisfied with its present limited means of attaining all that it craves to know, naturally seizes upon the hope that a time must come when its powers of acquiring knowledge will be as unlimited as its present aspirations; and the idea of a future being once admitted, we fly to the only source from which, with all our labours, and studies, and reflections, it is possible for us to derive any information, and gratefully slake our thirst at the pure fountain of Christian revelation. To me, indeed, there seems to be no tenable, *middle* ground, between Christianity and Atheism. If there be no such future state as Christ has taught us to expect, then is it certain that there can be no Creator, no Supreme Intelligence; for to suppose that such a being would create man with all his present faculties and propensities, and make no distinction between a virtuous and a vicious use of them, is to suppose an irreconcilable paradox. I cannot comprehend how any one can believe in God, and reject the only certain evidence of his existence. In "Tremaine," though the discussion is held with an avowed Deist, the arguments are addressed to all the objections of an Atheist, and the boasted theories of Hobbs and his successors crumbled into dust. It should be inseparable from Paley's Evidences.

"But the book has also considerable merit as a Novel—the story is full of pathos, and there are not wanting some lighter scenes, to shew that a temperate enjoyment of the pleasures and gaities of life, is not incompatible with the purest sense of religion. The whole scene at Bellenden House is portrayed in a style of dramatic excellence, and with a life and spirit, equal to the best efforts of the favorites of the day.—But you said something of Faber's "difficulties of infidelity"—I do not remember the book?"

I read it to you, my dear aunt, about a year ago, and I remember that you praised it in strong terms, not only for the elegance of its style, but for the force and clearness of its reasoning. The author makes nearly the same remark that you did just now, and I thought you had him in your mind at the time—namely, that it requires a greater stretch of credulity to account for certain unquestioned historical facts, rejecting the Mosaic and Christian revelations, than it does to receive the latter as coming directly from God.

"The work has entirely escaped my recollection—what are the arguments?"

They are of necessity very brief, the author having limited himself to a small thin volume; but he treats the subject with the skill of an experienced polemic, and may be said to have demonstrated, by a series of plain but powerful syllogisms, the truth of the position just mentioned. He cites two facts only, and upon them establishes the divine authority of the Mosaic revelation—these are, the universal deluge, and the fulfilment of the prophecy respecting the dispersion and sufferings of the Jews, uttered nearly fifteen centuries before it began to be accomplished. The truth of the first, is attested by the appearances of the crust of the earth every where, and by the tradition common to all nations, and agreeing in the essential points, that but one family, consisting of eight persons, was saved, in a ship. It is argued, that this family, to have prepared for the deluge, by building a ship, must have foreseen the event; but unassisted man does not foresee: how then came this family, and they only, to be prepared?—the event must have been foretold to them by divine revelation; and this being grant-

ed, there is no difficulty in accounting for the fact.—And if God communicated with Noah, why should it be doubted that he revealed himself also to Moses, and that the whole Levitical Law was dictated by God?—This is more strongly shown in the prophecy uttered by Moses: the exact fulfilment of which, in its minutest parts, proves that he foresaw the event;—and this he could not do, but through divine inspiration. The “*difficulties*” for accounting for these two facts, cannot be surmounted by the infidel—they all vanish before the believer in Revelation.—It is an excellent little volume, and not unworthy the notice of philosophers.

“Thank you, my child!—you have brought the whole subject fresh to my recollection, and I now remember with what pleasure I listened to your lecture on it.—What was the title of the last book you read to me?”

It has a very comfortable appellation—“Home!”—and was written by Miss Cullen.

“I wonder if she was related to the celebrated Dr. Cullen?”—

O yes!—she, or her editor, takes care to announce the important fact, that she is the “daughter of the celebrated Dr. William Cullen,” I suppose by way of awing the reader into proper respect.

“You do not seem to have formed a very high opinion of Miss Cullen’s literary pretensions, if I may judge from your manner of introducing her”—

She was certainly lucky in having a father of great celebrity, since from this specimen of her own claims, her chance must be small, let her ambition be what it may, of acquiring it in any other way than by the law of inheritance.—If it be a merit, however, to strike upon something *new*, Miss Cullen is fairly entitled to that of having invented a *style*, as unlike all that has preceded it, as, it may be hoped, it will be proof against all future imitation. There is an old saying, you know, that “Home’s home, be it ever so homely”—but really there is something in this lady’s “Home” so vapid, monotonous and unimaginative, that few readers, it is to be feared, will be willing to pay it the compliment even of quoting the proverb in its favour. It has not one solitary redeeming grace.

“You are too severe, Clara. There can be no doubt that Miss Cullen’s object was a moral one, and that she deserves the praise of good inten-

tions, however she may have failed in exciting interest in her readers.—What think you of Mr. Maturin's *Pour et Contre?*?"

I think it the production of a wild, but splendid genius—more like the glare of a meteor, than the brilliance of the sun—

"Yes! it is a genius entirely undisciplined by a knowledge of the world. All its excitements have been kindled by a commerce with books, and not by "the proper study of mankind," as Pope calls it. All Mr. Maturin's characters are the creatures of his own imagination—of a rich and fervid imagination, it is true; but wanting in that illusion which alone can compensate the reader for misapplied sympathy, or calm the harrowed feelings by awakening the reflection that some useful impression has been made upon the mind. We can derive no lesson of life from a purely imaginary picture of virtues or vices—the writer who hopes to instruct as well as delight, must study the human beings around him, and draw his portraits from nature as he finds it, and not as his fancy paints it."

Mr. Maturin has exposed himself, in this story, to the suspicion of having copied from—*himself*. His "Charles De Courcy" appears to me to be the "Wild Irish Boy" under another name; and "Zaira" differs in nothing from "Lady Montrevor," but in the circumstances of birth and station. Their characters are essentially the same—they are both dazzling prodigies—unreal, flitting spirits of the brain; and both are the rivals of their own daughters. So close a similarity in the principal incidents and characters of the two stories, can hardly be supposed to have proceeded from the author's lack of invention; for he has given abundant proofs that he possesses that attribute, in a degree that would seem to want the curb, rather than the spur—how then is it to be accounted for?

"As the author makes no allusion to it, either by way of apology or defence, which he probably would have done had he been aware of the fact, we may suppose that he was perfectly unconscious of the singular plagiarism, with which you charge him. Perhaps, Mr. Maturin, like the famous statuary that Ovid tells us of, became enamoured of the work of his own hands, and in the extacy of his passion forgot the extent of his creative powers.—How did you like Mrs. Opie's *Domestic Scenes?*?"—



I am almost afraid to tell you, that I think they are well calculated for such a *home* as Miss Cullen's. There is, however, to do Mrs. Opie justice, a much greater inequality in this novel, than in almost any other of her productions. Some of the sketches are in her best manner, fresh, sprightly and natural; but there is a good deal of downright prosing, as dull and uninteresting in its matter, as it is insipid and tedious in its manner. I will not deny, that the story is entertaining, that the characters are generally consistent, and that the denouement is wound up according to the strictest rules of moral propriety; but I must say, nevertheless, that my opinion of the celebrated writer would not have been very high had it rested only upon the evidence of her talents.

"You do not seem to be in one of your kindest moods this evening, Clara—or, rather, you seem to have got into a pet with your own sex. Few females have done more than Mrs. Opie to reform the heart, improve the manners and enlighten the understanding of the age, or have laboured with more distinguished success to give éclat to the intellectual pretensions of our sex."

My dear aunt! I should be the last of my sex to take from Mrs. Opie any part of the great merit you attribute to her—but the very best writers are not uniformly excellent: You know even Homer himself sometimes fell asleep in the company of the Muses, and we are generally most prompt in observing the occasional defects of those writers from whom we expect the most. But you must be jesting, I hope, when you accuse me of wanting a proper respect for my sex.—I was afraid my remarks had exposed me to the opposite censure of undue partiality. The truth is, I speak as I think, uninfluenced by a wish to palliate our faults or exaggerate our merits. My opinions may be deficient in judgment and experience, but it shall never be said that they are dictated by caprice. You have taught me to speak as my heart prompts me, and I value your instructions too highly, my dear aunt, to conceal a sentiment because it may happen to differ from that of others, in a matter where all have an equal right to judge. The dogmas of criticism, and the degrees of fashion, are binding only upon those who voluntarily relinquish the freedom of thought and



action ; and who that could be independent by a mere effort of the will, would put on the yoke of slavery. I would not be bound to echo this or that opinion, or wear such and such a bonnet, at the command of reviewers and milliners, for all the fame of the one or finery of the other.

"It was the consideration of what others might say of you, my dear child, and not my own disapprobation of your sentiments, that induced me to interrupt you. If every body knew you as well as I do, they would be willing to make the proper allowances, and there would be no occasion for my interference. I did not mean to express a doubt of your candour or sincerity.—But come! let me hear what your next subject is."—

It is that story with the queer name, said to be a translation from the Persian—"The Kuzzilbash, a tale of Khorasan."—The soldiers of Khorasan, it seems, are distinguished by the general name of Kuzzilbash ; and this story embraces the adventures of one of these soldiers—or, rather, it may be more truly said to embrace memoirs of Persia during the life of this soldier, about the beginning of the 13th century. The design of the writer seems to have been very comprehensive, and to have included the whole of that vast empire—of which he has undertaken to give the customs and manners, in the great Desert, as well as in the towns and cities. Whether his materials be derived from the authentic records of history, or from the "book and volume" of his own brain, he deserves the praise of having produced a work of no ordinary merit. The story, though evidently only a subordinate part of the design, is, nevertheless, sufficiently interesting to awaken a strong solicitude in the fate of several of its characters—and his finer picturesque descriptions of the encampments of the Desert, the government and manners of the wild and predatory tribes that inhabit it, the high and luxurious polish of the interior cities, the array and bustle of contending troops, the exploits of particular tribes and individual warriors, all carry with them such marks of actual observation, that it can scarcely be doubted the author either had a personal acquaintance with the scenes and people he describes, or was in possession of better histories than have come to us.—

"There is an interest attached to every thing that relates to the East,

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which disposes us to receive with favour even the humblest attempt to describe its scenery and inhabitants. The early impressions made upon us by reading the Bible, are all revived when the places there mentioned are brought before us in the familiar language of story: we have an eager curiosity to hear something more of the descendants of Judah and Ismael; and we like to see accounts of the fallen Towers of Babel, the ruins of Ninevah, and the prostrate walls of Jerico, because they seem to be, as it were, living proofs of the truth of the affecting incidents that awakened the first sympathies of our childhood.—Many writers have taken advantage of this general feeling of Christendom, to impose upon us the grossest fictions and absurdities—a book of travels in the East, real or pretended, is sure to reward both author and publisher. Does not this author promise to give us further translations as he calls them?”

He does; but he has adroitly management to throw the responsibility of fulfilment from himself upon the public—his promise is qualified with a *proviso*, that the public shall applaud his first essay. Whether the public have acquired this right to exact the performance of his promise, or whether the author took it for granted and generously gave them a second in anticipation, we are too much out of the world, you know, dear aunt, to be in the secret. I confess I should like to see more from the same pen; for the style is sufficiently rich and poetical not to belie the source from whence the author professes to draw his materials—some of his metaphors, perhaps, are a little too European, even allowing for necessary conformity to idiomatic propriety, but upon the whole, might very well pass for what it is called, a translation from the Persian.

“I have no doubt we shall have something much better, when our neighbour Mr. Barnacle returns.”—

Faith! aunt, I begin to think we shall hear no more of the old bachelor this winter. It is rather cavalier treatment of us, not only to stay away so long himself but to detain our books from us.

“All in good time, Miss Clara! The bachelor is not a man whose good faith is to be doubted—I warrant you he will not only bring us all the new Novels that are to be had, but a faithful account of all that is said and done

in the fashionable world. In the mean time, even should we have nothing to read, we can amuse ourselves in talking of what we have read. What do you think of that American Comedy, in blank verse, you read a few evenings ago?"—

You mean "the Trust"—I am sorry to say I think it one of the latest productions of our press. The plot is ingenious enough, but too complicated even for the author himself to unravel. His ideas are sometimes very good, but he clothes them in a language so utterly devoid of poetry, and so laboriously pompous, that it is difficult to fancy the author serious. His avowed purpose, as appears by a short preface to the piece, was to prove that a Comedy might be rendered interesting in blank verse!—complete success would have been his reward had his purpose been the reverse; for such is the ludicrous effect of his measured syllables, even upon the most pathetic and natural sentiments, that the whole world, judging only from this example, might well be excused for adopting the prejudice, under which he professes to have laboured, against Comedies in "blank verse," until he *extinguished* it by this effort.

"I think, however, Clara, there is a sufficient evidence of talents in the Comedy—and if the author had not fettered himself by the trammels of versification——"

Why yes! if he had contented himself with what the *Bourgeois gentil-homme* talked all his life without knowing it, though he might have retained his own prejudices against comedies in blank verse, he would not have had to answer for the sin of imparting them to others. He seems to have been totally unaware of the difference between a satirical drama and a serious comedy, and to have fallen into the error of supposing that blank verse was nothing more than prose, a little inverted and cut down to a certain measure, which could be done as well without the inspiration of the muses as with it.—Do you know, aunt, who is the author of the Novel entitled "Manners"?

"No my child, I do not—It is quite an old novel, I believe. is it not?—I should say not—judging from the descriptions of the fashion prevalent among the ladies at the time it was written. The author says that the

fashionable *full dress* approached so near to *nudity*, that the uninitiated might be excused if they mistook the one for the other, and, you know, that is exactly the fashion of the last Doll Miss Eliza Jane sent us.

"Yes and it was exactly the fashion twelve or fifteen years ago, and has been the fashion at least once in every dozen years since the time of Queen Anne. There seems to be a sad dearth of invention among the *Marchandes de modes*—they either cover us up to the chin as if we all had the scrofula and wanted to hide the scars, or turn us out, as his unnatural daughters did poor Lear, to "outface the winds and persecutions of the sky" with *presented nakedness*. Fashion never has a medium between these two extremes—*neck or nothing* is its motto."

I do wonder if it is possible the ladies show themselves at parties, dressed as that Doll is! Mercy on me! what a figure. I declare, I think that saucy woman sent it to us as a Christmas trick——

"Well—we shall know all about it when the bachelor gets home—he has a hawk's eye when he chooses, and I dare say he has not been in Baltimore so long without going to some of their parties, or soirées as they call them—But you were going to say something about——

"Manners"! O yes! but you put it out of my head. I was going to say it was a pretty good novel, though the style is somewhat diffuse and excursive, like Miss Porter's. The story is rich enough in prominent and leading incidents to have been advantageously divided into two novels. There are in fact two heroes and two heroines, sufficiently unconnected to have been separated without destroying the interest in either. Some of the characters are well portrayed, and the "Manners" of the times, particularly after the author takes us to Ireland, are described with great vivacity. But the most natural personage in the book, the picture that stands most prominently before the reader, as drawn from every day life, the author gets rid of very early in the story—perhaps for the same reason that is alleged for Shakspeare's unceremonious murder of some of his best characters.

"You allude to the portrait of Sir Henry Seymour?—it is certainly a masterly sketch, as far as it goes, and I felt quite vexed at his being so suddenly killed off.—What did you think of Mrs. Green's *Royal Exile*?"

I think it must have cost her a world of pains to collect, from the old chronicles and histories of France and England, such a vast number of interesting incidents:—but she has jumbled them together, by an occasional fiction, in the most grotesque and awkward form imaginable. She provided herself with all the colours necessary to an imposing and beautiful picture, but she was ignorant of the art of blending them, and knew nothing of perspective—Taken separately, all the features of her picture are exquisite; but she has so disposed them as to produce a monster. In the hands of genius and taste, the materials that she has scattered about in shapeless heaps, would have formed a story of the deepest interest. Her outline is magnificent—the filling up, in every respect beneath criticism.

“After this, I shall hardly expect you to admire Mrs. Helme—how do you think she has managed her historical romance of the fair Rosamond?”

I think that the rigid sternness of history has given far more interest to the tale, than all Mrs. Helme’s romance has been able to spread around it.

“Taste in literature seems to follow with regular step the rise and decline of polish in the various arts of civilization. I can remember the time when this authoress was regarded as the model of novelists, and when her productions were sought after by the readers of romance, with great interest and avidity. This very story has drawn many a tear, and stolen many an hour’s sleep from the votaries of fiction.”

I should think there were not many to be found at the present day, who could waste their time over such mawkish *sentimentalities*. Some of the characters, indeed, are distinguished by traits sufficiently bold and striking to rouse attention; but the expectation that follows is disappointed almost as soon as awakened, and the language is to the last degree vapid, tame and childish.

“You read to me, some time ago, a story taken from the German, of the last century perhaps, that I thought interesting—do you remember its title?”—

Do you mean “The Midnight Bell”?

“Yes! did not you find it worth the trouble of perusal?”

I should find any thing worth that trouble, my dear aunt, while you feel

a pleasure in listening to me.—Like all German stories, it is full of mysteries and moving accidents that keep up a continued interest. It has several very beautiful episodes, two, in which some of the most extraordinary incidents are taken from real life.

“Did you anticipate the catastrophe?”

Not in the slightest degree—it is so well concealed in plausible doubts and conjectures, that not one reader in a thousand would guess at it, until the moment before it is developed.

“It is that uncertainty that keeps our anxieties so much alive. In most novels, particularly of the “olden time,” we can foretell the conclusion of the story, almost as soon as the several characters are introduced to us; and anticipating the end, we lose much of our interest in the means by which it is brought about.—What do you say about Marriage niece?”

*Marriage!* my dear aunt? I have not thought—that is—really the question is so sudden—I am hardly prepared to—

“I mean the *novel*, you goose!—you are a pretty chit to think of *marriage*, indeed!—except in a novel—”

Indeed, indeed! aunt, I beg your pardon—I wish people would not give such queer names to their novels, and then people could not make such mistakes—I could not tell, you know, whether you meant the ceremony so called or the novel—

“And as you know nothing of the former, perhaps you have not made up your mind about the latter?”

O yes! I think it one of the very best novels extant. It takes in a wide range of character, in various classes of life, in every one of which there is some well depicted trait of nature. It is one of those faithful pictures of real life, in which every reader can discover a likeness to some acquaintance, or neighbour; and those who have mingled at all in society must have met many an “aunt Grizzy,” and many a “Mrs. Fox.” The Lady Matilda’s, the Lady Juliana’s, the Mrs. Downe Wright’s and the Dr. Redgill’s, belong to a higher rank in the world, but their humble imitators are to be found even in the lowest scale of civilized society. If “to catch the manners living as they rise,” and to “hold the mirror up to nature,”

be the legitimate end of moral writers, the author of this very interesting novel has been preeminently successful.—

“Does not Lord Byron, in one of his wayward moods, speak of this novel in terms of commendation?”—

I do not remember that Lord Byron speaks of it, aunt; but Sir Walter Scott makes some reference to it, I think, in his *St. Ronan's Well*. To be praised by such men must be the highest reward of a temperate ambition; and the author on seeing this compliment from the illustrious knight, no doubt rose “an inch taller” as the saying is.

“Yes, I should think, that there can be no higher gratification to an author of sensibility, than the meed of praise from those who are themselves the objects of universal applause. Sir Walter has not been lavish of such recompense to his humble co-labourers, while he himself has been the theme of many a contemporary page that will hereafter, perhaps, rank as high as his own.”

He has not been so niggard, where there was no longer danger of rivalry—he pays a high compliment to the talents of Mrs. Ratclief—

“That compliment was not altogether without its object. Sir Walter knew that until he appeared in the field, Mrs. Ratclief was the undisputed mistress of romance—her writings were translated into most of the languages of Europe—her fame was coextensive with the knowledge of polite letters; and not to have read her novels was an admitted proof of ignorance and vulgarity. He knew that many a midnight lamp still flickered over her mysterious page, and that many a morning still dawned upon the unclosed eyes of her trembling and anxious readers. Had he commenced his own career under the full blaze of her fame, he might not have been so profuse of his praises; but there was no longer anything to apprehend and a compliment to his distinguished predecessor was, in truth, flattering in its most seductive form to a large class of readers.”

You certainly cannot mean to compare Mrs. Ratclief to Sir Walter Scott, my dear aunt?

“I certainly do not mean to compare them—if by that is to be understood, placing them on the same level. The general merits of the Scots



Novelist are as much above those of Mrs. Ratclief, as the *Iliad* or *Odyssey* is superior to *Marmion* or the *Lady of the Lake*—but Mrs. R. ministered to the taste of the age, and Sir Walter has done the same: they both *followed* rather than *led the fashion*, and neither of them can lay claim to the merit of reforming the age.—But, bless my heart! there's the clock striking *twelve*, I declare! you shall not keep me up so late another night, Clara, I promise you—come kiss me, my child, and—Good night!"—

So saying, the dear old lady put the chamber candle into my hand, and I ran up to my room, where finding Maggy stretched upon the carpet before a good fire, and fast asleep, I drew my little table to one corner, and the lateness of the hour notwithstanding, wrote thus far—so now I may say, good morning, my dear Mrs. Editor! for I can write no more till I get a little sleep.—

*Saturday Morning.* They're come! he's come! the old bachelor, books and all!—When I joined my aunt in the breakfast room this morning, she pointed to a huge packing case that stood in a corner, and put into my hands the following note from Mr. Barnacle, which had been brought before she was out of bed—

“*To Mrs. Cecelia St. Leger.*”

“MY DEAR MADAM,

I reached home last night, too late to pay my respects to you and Miss Clara, but shall endeavour to do myself the honour in the course of to-day. In the mean time, I send you the box of merchandize brought by my wagon, and a letter from your banker which will shew that he paid due attention to your orders.

I am, very respectfully, Madam,

Your Friend and Neighbor

BEVERLY BARNACLE.”

Enclosed in the foregoing was the letter from my aunt's man of business which she permits me to copy, but forbids my giving his name, lest he might chance to see it in your Emporium, and be offended—I dare say he never reads any thing but—Price-Current.—It was as follows:

"To Mrs. Cecilia St. Leger."

"MADAM,

Yrs. per Mr. Barnacle, 20th ult. duly recd. and contents noted. Bills in consequence from sundries paid and charged to your acct. amounting to one hundred forty nine dollars thirty four cents (say \$ 149,  $\frac{34}{100}$ ) allowance 25 pr. cent. for cash payment—Rects. enclosed. Last quotations, wheat 95, wool as pr. enclosed.

Yrs. Madam &c. &c."

We have not opened the box yet, but I see from the "Bills," that the old bachelor has made the most of the *carte blanche* my aunt entrusted to him, and that we shall have full enough to keep us employed the rest of the winter. I long to be rummaging the box.—The dear old lady has not said a word about the expense, and seems to be as much delighted as myself at the prospect of dipping into the contents of the big box. Adieu! I'll not write another word—except to say, that my Aunt charges me to give her love to you, and that

I am your constant friend,

CLARA JONES.

P. S. What do you think?—Maggy tells me that she saw Mr. Barnacle's servant, who told her that his master brought *two ladies* home with him, one of them young and handsome. Who can they be, I wonder. If he should have stolen a march upon us, and got married after all! But that's impossible—I'll not believe it.—

——Psha! I thought it could not be. My aunt tells me, that the two ladies are his widowed sister and her daughter.—

C. J.

BLUSHES —What a mysterious thing is a blush! that a single word, a look or a thought, should send that inimitable carnation over the cheek, like the soft tints of a summer sun-set! Strange, too, that it is only the *face* that is capable of blushing! The hand or the foot does not turn red with modesty or shame, any more than the glove or the sock which covers it. It is the face that is the heaven of the soul!—There may be traced the intellectual phenomena, with a confidence amounting to moral certainty. A single blush should put the infidel to shame and prove to him the absurdity of his blind doctrine of chance.

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## THE STATE OF THE UNION.

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"———The present time's so sick,  
That present medicine must be minister'd,  
Or overthrow incurable ensues."

SHAKESPEARE.

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At the present moment, when the attention of a great majority of the people of the several States has been drawn to consider the expediency of holding a general convention,—for the purpose of deliberating on the alarming crisis to which our public affairs have been brought by the weak and mistaken policy, (to speak of it in the mildest terms) of those who are administering them; as well as with the view, which is intimately connected with such a deliberation, of determining upon what individual it would be safe for the people to unite their suffrages in the next election for President of the United States—we should be recreant to our own feelings and principles, and no less unfaithful to the duties of the vocation we have assumed, did we refrain from the expression of our sentiments.—

The questions, which must necessarily be agitated in such a convention, bear a direct and near relation to the interests and happiness of every individual, however humble, whose destiny, whether by necessity or choice, has been linked with that of the United States; and we are not conscious of any motive that should hold us silent, when others have a right to speak. It is true, indeed, we have neither lands, nor houses, nor stocks, the value of which may be enhanced or depreciated by the result; but we have, nevertheless, an important stake in pledge—our children, whose future well-being, next to God, and our own feeble exertions, depends upon the issue:—and though we may not boast either the learning or the public virtues of the Roman Mother, we may, like her, be permitted to estimate our sons as *jewels*, and perhaps escape the imputation of vanity if we add a hope, that they may prove, under our tuition, less turbulent and more useful citizens than her vaunted *Gracchii*.

But why should we deem it necessary to apologize, for taking part in the discussion of questions of such vital importance to all we hold dear upon earth? We ought rather to be entitled to some credit for having so long forbore, than exposed to censure for now uttering our thoughts.

Is there any reader of these pages who would deny us the poor privilege of complaint—even were that the sole and selfish motive that prompted our present remarks? But we have far different objects. We write not to move the reluctant, vague, and transitory sympathies of the public, in our own behalf—had such been our wish, we should long since have put a tongue in every wrong we have suffered, whose slightest word would have been more powerful, than all a dead tyrant's wounds, to rouse inanimate things to mutiny:—we desire rather to address ourselves to the understandings, than to the feelings, of our countrymen—we would awaken their patriotism, not their pity—we would expose to their view the yawning abyss upon the brink of which our country totters, not the wreck of our own hopes—we would call upon them to study the past history of our republic, to compare it with her present state, and thence to gather a lesson of wisdom for the future.

*ice* The proscriptions, the persecutions, the calumniations, upon which the office harpists, and venal parasites, of the administration have been fed and fattened,—however they may, and must, demand some attention from those who may be called to examine the whole ground—are but dust in the balance, compared to the heavier calamities which threaten the general welfare. The immolation of a few thousand individuals, more or less, to appease the savage and vindictive fury of a few—the continued and iterated attempts to steal, from those who had nothing else to lose, that “immediate jewel of their souls” without which life is valueless—would be subjects too insignificant for the consideration of Statesmen, unworthy the notice of such a convention as we hope to see, did the evils end with the private wrongs and sufferings of the victims themselves. To redress private griefs, or to lament irremediable ruin, is not a work to engage the congregated patriotism and experience of the nation—for they may soon pass away and be no more remembered. It is the policy, the

principle, the system, to establish which these sacrifices have been made, and to persevere in which must end in one general overthrow of liberty, and all its attendant blessings, that it will be the business of the convention more especially to consider and discuss;—and it is in this public view, that we would, ourselves, take up the question.

The illiberal apothegm—so often in the mouths of those who are pleased to regard themselves as belonging to the patrician order—that “the people are their worst enemies,” was never applied to them with greater show of truth and fitness, than on the result of the last election for President of the United States. It might well seem, indeed, that nothing but the most abject self-abandonment, the most degrading infatuation, could have induced the citizens of a republic, whose prosperity so essentially depends upon the sedulous cultivation of peace and the quiet arts of industry, to elevate to the Chief Magistracy one whose character, in every quality, and under every aspect, was so diametrically opposite to that, which their interests, their happiness, and their true glory required. But the people were deceived; they were entrapped; they were caught in a web of artifice so finely spun and so dexterously spread, that even the keener optics of professed politicians failed to discern it, until they felt its entangling cords binding every limb, and limiting every movement.<sup>4</sup> The people were altogether duped—and so artfully duped, that they may well be excused for not being able to detect the imposture, until time had lifted the mask from the hideous deformities it had concealed. We will hope, at least, that should the Muse of history condescend hereafter to preserve more than the name and election of this “veiled prophet,” her page, if it condemn the weakness of the people, will confirm our impressions of their honesty, in the record of the sentence they passed upon their deceivers when the trick was discovered.

We will say nothing at present of the private character, or the secret impulses which dictated his public conduct and became manifest when the veil was thus drawn aside: it is a sickening subject, and the virtuous mind eagerly repels it. He is the supreme Magistrate of the United States, and in that exalted station we will direct our attention towards him. Whe-

ther elevation to this highest dignity which man can attain on earth, produced in him a correspondent elevation of character, or had any restraining influence on the innate propensities of his nature, might be compendiously answered by referring to the fact, that the same people are now anxiously looking to a National Convention, for the means of saving them and their children, from the wide spread evils of his brief administration. But the public records of the country will furnish a fuller reply, to those who may choose to consult them. They will exhibit a detail at once disgusting and humiliating. There it will be seen, that he has violated every pledge he gave—that, in every act of his administration, he has contradicted some foregone promise or voluntary profession—that he has been true to nothing but his passions, using the power and facilities of his public station to revenge himself on his political opponents—that he has surrounded himself with advisers, whose sole recommendation for such a distinction, was that they had been the ready and reckless tools of his ambition—that, under pretence of reforming the abuses of his predecessors, he has wasted millions of the public treasure to pay and pamper unworthy favorites, while he has refused his sanction to the appropriation of a few thousands for the public benefit—that he has subjected the country to be disgraced in the eyes of foreign nations, by sending lunatick and imbecile ministers to represent it abroad—that he has sought to destroy the independence and usefulness of the public press, by giving high rewards to those of its controllers who were most corrupt and most subservient to himself—that he has weakened the public confidence in the Post Office “Department,” and thus lessened its utility and abridged its revenues, by removing capable and faithful agents and substituting others who were incompetent, treacherous, and dishonest—that he has loosened the bonds of our confederacy and brought the union of the States into danger, by giving encouragement and countenance to novel and pernicious doctrines—and, in short, that his whole scheme of administration has been a series of attacks upon the vital interests of the country, its honour, its industry, its prosperity, its public and domestic happiness.

This catalogue might be easily swelled to the voluminous bulk of the

last annual message—but it affords us little pleasure to dwell upon the obliquity of human nature, and still less to contemplate the efforts of that obliquity in the conduct of one who stands before the world as the elected head of a free and virtuous people. So far, therefore, as we ourselves have been affected by his “system of reform,” and by that still more horrible system of calumny, which has never failed to tread upon the heels of proscription, we should now turn him over to the sure punishment of that Vulture which must, sooner or later, gnaw its way into his conscience, however indurated and flinty the callus that envelopes it. But there still remains something to be said of his general political notions, and new fangled rules of constitutional construction—we say *his*, not that we do him the injustice to believe that he troubles himself at all in such matters, but because they come to us in his name.—It seems to have formed a prominent part of the scheme which he has been made to father, to change the entire fabric of our government—to undo all that his predecessors had done, to destroy every vestige of what time had begun to render venerable, and thus to eke out his scanty pretensions to the assumed title of “*revolutionary hero*.” That a measure had been recommended by any of the learned statesmen who preceded him, was sufficient motive for his disapprobation without further inquiry. Powers which had been exercised by the general government, for the general good, and which had been acquiesced in by a majority of the States and people as derived from a fair and legitimate construction of the constitution, have been, in some instances after a settled practice of forty years, again called into question, discussion and “nullification.” Principles in relation to our commerce and navigation, which had formed the basis of all our arrangements with foreign nations, and which had been successively, and successfully, maintained by every previous administration, against the arbitrary and selfish policy of Great Britain, have been abandoned, not only at the sacrifice of national honour, but to the great injury of a large class of our citizens—and, as it would seem, for the sole, unworthy, purpose of producing a momentary “election-eering” effect.

The prosperity of every nation mainly depends upon the industry of its citizens. If this is not protected, encouraged and called into activity, by



the government, in the establishment of suitable laws and preventive regulations, the wiser policy of other nations takes advantage of the neglect, and introduces the products of their industry into the country thus heedless of its interests, and by supplying all that it wants carries away that profit which would otherwise remain. This proposition is so self-evident, that argument upon it would be superfluous; and if thus true in regard to other countries, it is still more emphatically so with respect to our own. But it is not the loss of profit only, which our citizens are brought to suffer: by the failure of the government to grant that protection to their industry, without which it cannot be advantageously employed, it of course remains unemployed, and idleness follows with all its attendant train of evils.—This is *one* portion of the “American System,” upon which our present rulers are at war with the principles of their predecessors, and with the palpable dictates of patriotism and common sense. *Another* portion of the “American System,” which, though not so essential to the happiness of the people, is equally indispensable to their comfort and prosperity, and in no small degree conducive to the permanence of the union, has in like manner been not only discouraged but actually *forbidden* by our very sagacious, and no less conscientious Executive:—we mean what has been called “Internal Improvement,” which consists particularly in the construction of *roads* and *canals*. To point out the benefits of multiplying and facilitating the means of intercourse between the several parts of this vast and growing confederacy, would be a waste of words. We trust it is equally unnecessary to show the absurdity of the notion, that it is either within the province, or within the power, of the respective States themselves to accomplish such a work. It is an undertaking, to the profitable execution of which, harmony of design and union of interests are as necessary as money and labour, and to look for that harmony and union among twenty four independent sovereignties, except in their confederate capacity, as represented by the Congress, would be as hopeless a task as to find twenty four human faces exactly alike.

Nature itself points out this system of policy to the United States. Experience has attested and approved its wisdom; and under the happy influence of its operation, the people were rapidly becoming prosperous and power-

ful. But the check which it has received, in both its branches, from the present executive, by his *Veto* on the one and the vacillancy of his opinions on the other, has had the effect of a deadly pestilence upon the industry of the country, and proves beyond a question that, whatever may be his more *enlightened* views, to promote the general welfare is not among the number.—We are told, from high authority—no less than the “official Organ” of the government—that “the spirit of Liberty and Reform is abroad upon the earth.” We trust in God it is so—and that a real, righteous, genuine, honest “reform,” springing from an abused but awakened people, is about to visit the councils of the land. All we desire is, that the citizens who may compose the convention, may be able to open the eyes of every individual of their constituents to the necessity of this reform. Let nothing but *Truth* go before them, and we have confidence enough in their integrity to believe, that the honour of the nation will be redeemed, at the next election.—

\* \* \* War may stride over the land with the crushing step of a giant—Pestilence may *steal* over it like an *invisible* curse—reaching its victims silently and unseen—unpeopling here a village and there a city—until every dwelling is a sepulchre: Famine may brood over it with a long and weary visitation, until the sky itself is brazen, and the beautiful greenness gives place to a parched desert—a wide waste of unproductive desolation. But these are only physical evils. The wild flower will bloom in peace on the field of battle and above the crushed skeleton. The destroying angel of pestilence will retire when his errand is done, and the nation will again breathe freely—and the barrenness of famine will cease at last—the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain—and the wilderness will blossom. But for moral desolation there is no reviving spring. Let the moral and republican principles of our country be abandoned—our representatives bow in conditional obsequiousness to individual dictation. Let impudence, and intrigue, and corruption, triumph over honesty and intellect, and our liberties and strength will depart forever. Of these there can be no resurrection. “The abomination of desolation” will be fixed and perpetual; and as the mighty fabric of our glory totters into ruins, the nations of the earth will mock us in our overthrow, like the powers of darkness, when the throned one of Babylon became even as themselves—and the “glory of the Chaldee’s excellency” had gone down forever.—*N. E. Review.*